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VIVIAN GREY.

"Why then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open."

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

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BOOK THE THIRD.

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BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAP. I.

A COLLEAGUE.

Frederick Cleveland was educated at Eton, and at Cambridge; and after having proved, both at the school and the University, that he possessed talents of the first order, he had the courage, in order to perfect them, to immure himself for three years in a German University. It was impossible, therefore, for two minds to have been cultivated on more con-

trary systems, than those of Frederick Cleveland and Vivian Grey. The systems on which they had been educated were not, however, more discordant than the respective tempers of the pupils. With that of Vivian Grey the reader is now somewhat acquainted. It has been shown that he was one precociously convinced of the necessity of managing mankind by studying their tempers and humouring their weaknesses. Cleveland turned from the Book of Nature with contempt; and although his was a mind of extraordinary acuteness, he was, at three-and-thirty, as ignorant of the workings of the human heart, as when, in the innocence of boyhood, he first reached Eton. The inaptitude of his nature to consult the feelings, or adopt the sentiments of others, was visible in his slightest actions. He was the only man who ever passed three years in Germany, and in a German University, who had never yielded to the magic influence of a Meerschaum; and the

same inflexibility of character which prevented him from smoking in Germany, attracted in Italy the loud contempt of those accomplished creatures—the Anglo-Italians. The Duchess of Derwentwater, who saluted with equal *naïveté* a Cardinal, or a Captain of banditti, was once almost determined to exclude Mr. Cleveland from her conversazione, because he looked so much like an Englishman; and at Florence he was still more unpopular; for he abused Velluti, and pasquinaded his patroness.

Although possessed of no fortune, from the respectability of his connexions, and the reputation of his abilities, he entered Parliament at an early age. His success was eminent. It was at this period that he formed a great friendship with the present Marquess of Carabas, many years his senior, and then Under Secretary of State. His exertions for the party to which Mr. Under Secretary Lorraine belonged were unremitting; and it was mainly through

their influence that a great promotion took place in the official appointments of the party. When the hour of reward came, Mr. Lorraine and his friends unfortunately forgot their youthful champion. He remonstrated, and they smiled: he reminded them of private friendship, and they answered him with political expediency. Mr. Cleveland went down to the House, and attacked his old comates in a spirit of unexampled bitterness. He examined in review the various members of the party that had deserted him. They trembled on their seats, while they writhed beneath the keenness of his satire: but when the orator came to Mr. President Lorraine, he flourished the tomahawk on high, like a wild Indian chieftain; and the attack was so awfully severe, so overpowering, so annihilating, that even this hackneyed and hardened official trembled, turned pale, and quitted the house. Cleveland's triumph was splendid, but it was only for a night. Disgusted with mankind, he

scouted the thousand offers of political connections which crowded upon him; and, having succeeded in making an arrangement with his creditors, he accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

By the interest of his friends, he procured a judicial situation of sufficient emolument, but of local duty; and to fulfil this duty he was obliged to reside in North Wales. The locality, indeed, suited him well, for he was sick of the world at nine-and-twenty; and, carrying his beautiful and newly-married wife from the world, which, without him she could not love, Mr. Cleveland enjoyed all the luxuries of a cottage ornée, in the most romantic part of the Principality. Here were born unto him a son and daughter, beautiful children, upon whom the father lavished all the affection which Nature had intended for the world.

Four years had Cleveland now passed in his solitude,—it must not be concealed, an unhappy man. A thousand times, during the first year

of his retirement, he cursed the moment of excitation which had banished him from the world; for he found himself without resources, and restless as a curbed courser. Like many men who are born to be orators—like Curran, and like Fox,—Cleveland was not blessed, or cursed, with the faculty of composition; and indeed, had his pen been that of a ready writer, pique would have prevented him from delighting or instructing a world, whose nature he endeavoured to persuade himself was base, and whose applause ought consequently to be valueless. In the second year he endeavoured to while away his time, by interesting himself in those pursuits which Nature has kindly provided for country gentlemen. Farming kept him alive six months; but, at length, his was the prize ox; and, having gained a cup, he got wearied of kine too prime for eating; wheat, too fine for the composition of the staff of life; and ploughs so ingeniously contrived, that the

very ingenuity prevented them from being useful. Cleveland was now seen wandering over the moors, and mountains, with a gun over his shoulder, and a couple of pointers at his heels; but ennui returned in spite of his *patent percussion;* and so, at length, tired of being a sportsman, he almost became what he had fancied himself in an hour of passion,—a misanthrope.

With the aid of soda-water and Mr. Sadler, Vivian had succeeded, the morning after the Cabinet-dinner, in getting the Marquess up at a tolerably early hour; and, after having been closeted with his Lordship for a considerable time, he left Château Desir.

Vivian travelled night and day, until he stopped at Kenrich Lodge.—Such was the correct style of Mr. Cleveland's abode. What was he to do now? After some deliberation, he despatched a note to Mr. Cleveland, informing him, "that he (Mr. Grey) was the bearer,

from England, to Mr. Cleveland, of a 'communication of importance.' Under the circumstances of the case, he observed that he had declined bringing any letters of introduction. He was quite aware, therefore, that he should have no right to complain, if he had to travel back three hundred miles without having the honour of an interview; but he trusted that this necessary breach of etiquette would be overlooked."

The note produced the desired effect; and an appointment was made for Mr. Grey to call at Kenrich Lodge on the following morning.

Vivian, as he entered the room, took a rapid glance at the master of Kenrich Lodge. Mr. Cleveland was a tall and elegantly formed man, with a face which might have been a model for manly beauty. He came forward to receive Vivian, with a Newfoundland dog on one side, and a large black greyhound on the other; and the two animals, after having elabo-

rately examined the stranger, divided between them the luxuries of the rug. The reception which Mr. Cleveland gave our hero, was cold and constrained in the extreme, but it did not appear to be purposely uncivil; and Vivian flattered himself that his manner was not unusually stiff.

"I don't know whether I have the honour of addressing the son of the author of ——?" said Mr. Cleveland, with a frowning countenance, which was intended to be courteous.

"I have the honour of being the son of Mr. Grey."

"Your father, Sir, is a most amiable, and able man. I had the pleasure of his acquaintance when I was in London many years ago, at a time when Mr. Vivian Grey was not entrusted, I rather imagine, with missions '*of importance*.'"—Although Mr. Cleveland smiled when he said this, his smile was anything but a gracious one. The subdued satire of his keen eye

burst out for an instant, and he looked as if he would have said, "Who is this younker who is trespassing upon my retirement?"

Vivian had, unbidden, seated himself by the side of Mr. Cleveland's library-table; and, not knowing exactly how to proceed, was employing himself by making a calculation, whether there were more black than white spots on the body of the old Newfoundland, who was now apparently most happily slumbering.

"Well, Sir!" continued the Newfoundland's master, "the nature of your communication? I am fond of coming to the point."

Now this was precisely the thing which Vivian had determined not to do; and so *he diplomatised*, in order to gain time.—"In stating, Mr. Cleveland, that the communication which I had to make was one of *importance*, I beg it to be understood, that it was with reference merely to *my* opinion of its nature that that phrase was used, and not as relative to the pos-

sible, or, allow me to say, the probable opinion of Mr. Cleveland."

"Well, Sir!" said that gentleman, with a somewhat disappointed air.

"As to the purport or nature of the communication, it is," said Vivian, with one of his sweetest cadences, and, looking up to Mr. Cleveland's face, with an eye expressive of all kindness,—"it is of a *political* nature."

"Well, Sir!" again exclaimed Cleveland; looking very anxious, and moving restlessly on his library chair.

"When we take into consideration, Mr Cleveland, the present aspect of the political world; when we call to mind the present situation of the two great political parties, you will not be surprised, I feel confident, when I mention that certain personages have thought that the season was at hand, when a move might be made in the political world with very considerable effect—"

"Mr. Grey, what am I to understand?" interrupted Mr. Cleveland, who began to suspect that the envoy was no greenhorn.

"I feel confident, Mr. Cleveland, that I am doing very imperfect justice to the mission with which I am intrusted; but, Sir, you must be aware that the delicate nature of such disclosures, and——"

"Mr. Grey, I feel confident that you do not doubt my honour; and, as for the rest, the world has, I believe, some foolish tales about me; but, believe me, *you* shall be listened to with patience. I am certain that, whatever may be the communication, Mr. Vivian Grey is a gentleman, who will do its merits justice."

And now Vivian, having succeeded in exciting Cleveland's curiosity, and securing himself the certainty of a hearing, and having also made a favourable impression, dropped the diplomatist altogether, and was explicit enough for a Spartan.

"Certain Noblemen and Gentlemen of eminence, and influence, hitherto considered as props of the ——— party, are about to take a novel and decided course next Session. It is to obtain the aid, and personal co-operation of Mr. Cleveland, that I am now in Wales."

"Mr. Grey, I have promised to listen to you with patience:—you are too young a man to know much perhaps of the history of so insignificant a personage as myself; otherwise, you would have been aware, that there is no subject in the world on which I am less inclined to converse, than that of politics. If I were entitled to take such a liberty, I would beseech you to think of them as little as *I* do;—but enough of this: who is the mover of the party?"

"My Lord Courtown is a distinguished member of it."

"Courtown—Courtown; respectable certainly: but surely the good Viscount's skull is not exactly the head for the chief of a cabal?"

"There is my Lord Beaconsfield."

"Powerful—but a dolt."

"Well," thought Vivian, "it must out *at last;* and so to it boldly. And, Mr. Cleveland, there is little fear that we may secure the powerful interest, and tried talents of — the Marquess of Carabas."

"The Marquess of Carabas!" almost shrieked Mr. Cleveland, as he started from his seat and paced the room with hurried steps; and the greyhound and the Newfoundland jumped up from their rug, shook themselves, growled, and then imitated their master in promenading the apartment, but with more dignified and stately paces. —"The Marquess of Carabas! Now, Mr. Grey, speak to me with the frankness which one high-bred gentleman should use to another ;—is the Marquess of Carabas privy to this application?"

"He himself proposed it."

"Then, Sir, is he baser than even *I* con-

ceived. Oh! Mr. Grey, I am a man spare of my speech to those with whom I am unacquainted; and the world calls me a soured, malicious man. And yet, when I think for a moment, that one so young as you are, with such talents, and, as I will believe, with so pure a spirit, should be the dupe, or tool, or even present friend, of such a creature as this perjured Peer, I could really play the woman ——— and weep."

"Mr. Cleveland," said Vivian—and the drop which glistened in his eye, responded to the tear of passion which slowly quivered down his companion's cheek,—"I am grateful for your kindness; and although we shall most probably part, in a few hours, never to meet again, I will speak to you with the frankness which you have merited, and to which I feel you are entitled. I am *not* the dupe of the Marquess of Carabas; I am *not*, I trust, the dupe, or tool, of any one whatever. Believe me, Sir,

there is that at work in England, which, taken at the tide, may lead on to fortune. I see this, Sir,—I, a young man, uncommitted in political principles, unconnected in public life, feeling some confidence, I confess, in my own abilities, but desirous of availing myself, at the same time, of the powers of others. Thus situated, I find myself working for the same end as my Lord Carabas, and twenty other men of similar calibre, mental and moral; and, Sir, am I to play the hermit in the drama of life, because, perchance, my fellow-actors may be sometimes fools, and occasionally knaves. Oh! Mr. Cleveland, if the Marquess of Carabas has done you the ill service which Fame says he has, your sweetest revenge will be to make *him*, *your* tool; your most perfect triumph, to rise to power by his influence.

"I confess that I am desirous of finding in you the companion of my career. Your splendid talents have long commanded my admiration;

and, as you have given *me* credit for something like good feeling, I will say that my wish to find in you a colleague is greatly increased, when I see that those splendid talents are even the least estimable points in Mr. Cleveland's character. But, Sir, perhaps all this time I am in error,—perhaps Mr. Cleveland is, as the world reports him, no longer the ambitious being that once commanded the admiration of a listening Senate;—perhaps, convinced of the vanity of human wishes, Mr. Cleveland would rather devote his attention to the furtherance of the interests of his immediate circle;—and, having schooled his intellect in the Universities of two nations, is probably content to pass the hours of his life in mediating in the quarrels of a country village."

Vivian ceased. Cleveland heard him, with his head resting on both his arms. He started at the last expression, and something like a blush suffused his cheek, but he did not reply.

At last he jumped up, and rang the bell. "Come, come, Mr. Grey," said he, "enough of politics for this morning. You shall not, at any rate, visit Wales for nothing. Morris! send down to the village for all the sacs and portmanteaus belonging to this gentleman. Even we cottagers have a bed for a friend, Mr. Grey:—come, and I'll introduce you to my wife."

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL LIBRARY, TANJORE

CHAPTER II.

A COLLEAGUE.

And Vivian was now an inmate of Kenrich Lodge. It would have been difficult to have conceived a life of more pure happiness, than that which was apparently enjoyed by its gifted master. A beautiful wife, and lovely children, and a romantic situation, and an income sufficient, not only for their own, but for the wants of all their necessitous neighbours;—what more could man wish? Answer me, thou inexplicable myriad of sensations, which the world calls human nature!

Three days passed over in most delightful

converse. It was so long since Cleveland had seen any one fresh from the former scenes of his life, that the company of any one would have been delightful; but here was a companion who knew every one, every thing, full of wit, and anecdote, and literature, and fashion, and then so engaging in his manners, and with such a winning voice.

The heart of Cleveland relented: his stern manner gave way; all his former warm and generous feeling gained the ascendant: he was in turn amusing, communicative, and engaging. Finding that he could please another, he began to be pleased himself. The nature of the business on which Vivian was his guest, rendered confidence necessary; confidence begets kindness. In a few days, Vivian necessarily became more acquainted with Mr. Cleveland's disposition, and situation, than if they had been acquainted for as many years; in short,

They talked with open heart and tongue,
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends.

Vivian, for some time, dwelt upon every thing but the immediate subject of his mission; but when, after the experience of a few days, their hearts were open to each other, and they had mutually begun to discover, that there was a most astonishing similarity in their principles, their tastes, their feelings, then the magician poured forth his incantation, and raised the once-laid ghost of Cleveland's ambition. The recluse agreed to take the lead of *the Carabas party*. He was to leave Wales immediately and resign his place; in return for which, the nephew of Lord Courtown was immediately to give up, in his favour, an office of considerable emolument; and, having thus provided some certainty for his family, Frederick Cleveland prepared himself to combat for a more important office.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARRIVAL.

"Is Mr. Cleveland handsome?" asked Mrs. Felix Lorraine of Vivian, immediately on his return, "and what colour are his eyes?"

"Upon my honour, I haven't the least recollection of ever looking at them; but I believe he is not blind."

"How foolish you are! now tell me, pray, *point de moquerie*, is he amusing?"

"What does Mrs. Felix Lorraine mean by *amusing*?" asked Vivian with an arch smile.

"Oh! you always teaze me with your definitions; Go away—I 'll quarrel with you."

"Oh! by the bye, Mrs. Felix Lorraine, how is Colonel Delmington?"—

Vivian redeemed his pledge: Mr. Cleveland arrived. It was the wish of the Marquess, if possible, not to meet his old friend till dinner-time. He thought that, surrounded by his guests, and backed by his bottle, certain awkward senatorial reminiscences might be got over. But, unfortunately, Mr. Cleveland arrived about an hour before dinner, and, as it was a cold autumnal day, most of the visitors, who were staying at Château Desir, were assembled in the drawing-room. The Marquess sallied forward to receive his guest with a most dignified countenance, and a most aristocratic step; but, before he had got half-way, his coronation pace degenerated into a strut, and then into a shamble, and with an awkward and confused countenance, half impudent, and half flinching, he held forward his left hand to his newly-arrived visitor. Mr. Cleveland looked terrifically

courteous, and amiably arrogant. He greeted the Marquess with a smile, at once gracious, and grim, and looked something like Goliath, as you see the Philistine depicted in some old German painting, looking down upon the pigmy fighting men of Israel.

As is generally the custom, when there is a great deal to be arranged, and many points to be settled, days flew over, and very little of the future system of the party was matured. Vivian made one or two ineffectual struggles to bring the Marquess to a business-like habit of mind, but his Lordship never dared trust himself alone with Cleveland, and indeed almost lost the power of speech when in presence of the future leader of his party; so, in the morning, the Marquess played off the two lords, and the Baronet against his former friend, and then to compensate for not meeting Mr. Cleveland in the morning, he was particularly courteous to him at dinner-time, and asked him

always "how he liked his ride?" and invariably took wine with him. As for the rest of the day, he had particularly requested his faithful counsellor, Mrs. Felix Lorraine, "for God's sake to take this man off his shoulders;" and so that lady, with her usual kindness, and merely to oblige his Lordship, was good enough to patronize Mr. Cleveland, and on the fourth day was taking a moon-lit walk with him.

Mr. Cleveland had now been ten days at Château Desir, and was to take his departure the next morning for Wales, in order to arrange every thing for his immediate settlement in the Metropolis. Every point of importance was postponed until their meeting in London. Mr. Cleveland only agreed to take the lead of the party in the Commons, and received the personal pledge of Lord Courtown as to the promised office.

It was a September day, and to escape from the excessive heat of the sun, and at the same

time to enjoy the freshness of the air, Vivian was writing his letters in the conservatory, which opened into one of the drawing-rooms. The numerous party, which then honoured the Château with their presence, were out, as he conceived, on a pic nic excursion to the Elfin's Well, a beautiful spot about ten miles off; and among the adventurers were, as he imagined, Mrs. Felix Lorraine, and Mr. Cleveland.

Vivian was rather surprised at hearing voices in the adjoining room, and he was still more so, when, on looking round, he found that the sounds proceeded from the very two individuals whom he thought were far away. Some tall American plants concealed him from their view, but he observed all that passed distinctly, and a singular scene it was. Mrs. Felix Lorraine was on her knees at the feet of Mr. Cleveland; her countenance indicated the most contrary passions, contending, as it were, for mastery—Supplication—Anger—and, shall I call it?—

Love. Her companion's countenance was hid, but it was evident that it was not wreathed with smiles: there were a few hurried sentences uttered, and then both quitted the room at different doors—the lady in despair,—and the gentleman—in disgust.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ELFIN'S WELL.

And now Château Desir was almost deserted. Mrs. Million continued her progress northward. The Courtowns and the Beaconsfields, and the Scropes, quitted immediately after Mr. Cleveland; and when the families that form the *materiel* of the visiting *corps* retire, the nameless nothings that are always lounging about the country mansions of the great, such as artists, tourists, litterateurs, and other live stock, soon disappear. Mr. Vivian Grey agreed to stay another fortnight, at the particular request of the Marquess.

Very few days had passed, ere Vivian was exceedingly struck at the decided change which suddenly took place in his Lordship's general behaviour towards him.

The Marquess grew reserved and uncommunicative, scarcely mentioning "the great business," which had previously been the sole subject of his conversation, but to find fault with some arrangement, and exhibiting, whenever his name was mentioned, a marked acrimony against Mr. Cleveland. This rapid change alarmed, as much as it astonished Vivian, and he mentioned his feelings and observations to Mrs. Felix Lorraine. That lady agreed with him, that something certainly was wrong, but could not, unfortunately, afford him any clue to the mystery. She expressed the liveliest solicitude, that any misunderstanding should be put an end to, and offered her services for that purpose.

In spite, however, of her well-expressed an-

xiety, Vivian had his own ideas on the subject; and, determined to unravel the affair, he had recourse to a person, with whom he seldom interchanged a sentence——the Marchioness.

"I hope your Ladyship is well to-day. I had a letter from Count Caumont this morning. He tells me, that he has got the prettiest poodle from Paris that you can possibly conceive! waltzes like an angel, and acts *proverbes* on its hind feet."

Her Ladyship's eyes glistened with admiration.

"I 've told Caumont to send it me down immediately, and I shall then have the pleasure of presenting it to your Ladyship."

Her Ladyship's eyes sparkled with delight.

"I think," continued Vivian, "I shall take a ride to-day. By the bye, how 's the Marquess? he seems in low spirits lately."

"Oh! Mr. Grey, I don't know what you 've done to him," said her Ladyship, settling at least a dozen bracelets; "but—but—"

"But *what*, my lady?"

"He thinks—he thinks—"

"Thinks what, my lady?"

"That you've entered into a conspiracy, Mr. Grey."

"Entered into a conspiracy!"

"Yes! Mr. Grey, a conspiracy—a conspiracy against the Marquess of Carabas, with Mr. Cleveland. He thinks that you have made him serve your purpose, and that now you're going to get rid of him."

"Well, that's excellent; and what else does he think?"

"He thinks you talk too loud," said the Marchioness, still working at her bracelets.

"Well! that's shockingly vulgar! Allow me to recommend your Ladyship to alter the order of those *bracelets*, and place the blue and silver against the maroon. You may depend upon it, that's the true Vienna order—and what else does the Marquess say?"

"He thinks you are generally too authoritative. Not that I think so, Mr. Grey; I'm sure your conduct to me has been most courteous—the blue and silver *next* to the maroon, did you say? Yes, — certainly it does look better.—I've no doubt the Marquess is quite wrong, and I dare say you'll set things right immediately. You'll remember the pretty poodle, Mr. Grey? and you'll not tell the Marquess I mentioned any thing."

"Oh! certainly not. I'll give orders for them to book an inside place for the poodle, and send him down by the coach immediately. I must be off now. Remember the blue and silver *next* to the maroon. Good morning to your Ladyship!"

"Mrs. Felix Lorraine, I am your most obedient slave," said Vivian Grey, as he met that lady on the landing-place;—"I can see no reason why I should not drive you this bright day

to the Elfin's Well; we have long had an engagement together."

The lady smiled a gracious assent; the pony phaeton was immediately ordered.

"How pleasant Lady Courtown and I used to discourse about martingales! I think I invented one, didn't I? Pray, Mrs. Felix Lorraine, can you tell me what a martingale is? for upon my honour I've forgotten, or never knew."

"If you found a martingale for the mother, Vivian, it had been well if you had found a curb for the daughter. Poor Cynthia! I had intended once to advise the Marchioness to interfere; but one forgets these things."

"One does.—Oh! Mrs. Felix," exclaimed Vivian, "I told your admirable story of the Leyden Professor to Mrs. Cleveland. It's universally agreed to be the best ghost story extant.—I think you said you knew the Professor?"

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARA

"Oh, well! I have seen him often, and heard the story from his own lips. And, as I mentioned before, far from being superstitious, he was an *esprit fort.*—Do you know, Mr. Grey, I have such an interesting packet from Germany to-day; from my cousin, Baron Rodenstein; but I must keep all the stories for the evening;—come to my boudoir, and I will read them to you—there is one tale which I am sure will make a convert even of you. It happened to Rodenstein himself, and within these three months:" added the lady in a serious tone.—"The Rodensteins are a singular family. My mother was a Rodenstein.—Do you think this beautiful?" said Mrs. Felix, showing Vivian a very small miniature which was attached to a chain round her neck. It was the portrait of a youth habited in the costume of a German student. His rich brown hair was flowing over his shoulders, and his dark blue eyes beamed with such a look of mysterious inspira-

tion, that they might have befitted a young prophet.

"Very, *very* beautiful!"

"'Tis Max—Max Rodenstein," said the lady with a faltering voice. "He was killed at Leipsic, at the head of a band of his friends and fellow students. Oh! Mr. Grey, this is a fair work of art, but if you had but seen the prototype, you would have gazed on this as on a dim and washed out drawing. There was one portrait, indeed, which did him more justice—but then, that portrait was not the production of mortal pencil."

Vivian looked at his companion with a somewhat astonished air, but Mrs. Felix Lorraine's countenance was as little indicative of jesting, as that of the young student whose miniature rested on her bosom.

"Did you say *not* the production of a mortal hand, Mrs. Felix Lorraine?"

"I'm afraid I shall weary you with my sto-

ries, but the one I am about to tell is so well evidenced, that I think even Mr. Vivian Grey will hear it without a sneer."

"A sneer! Oh! Lady love, do I ever sneer?"

"Max Rodenstein was the glory of his house. A being so beautiful in body, and in soul, you cannot imagine, and I will not attempt to describe. This miniature has given you some faint idea of his image, and yet this is only the copy of a copy. The only wish of the Baroness Rodenstein, which never could be accomplished, was the possession of a portrait of her youngest son—for no consideration could induce Max to allow his likeness to be taken. His old nurse had always told him, that the moment that his portrait was taken, he would die. The condition upon which such a beautiful being was allowed to remain in the world was, as she always said, that his beauty should not be imitated. About three months before the bat-

tle of Leipsic, when Max was absent at the University, which was nearly four hundred miles from Rodenstein Castle, there arrived one morning a large case directed to the Baroness. On opening it, it was found to contain a picture—the portrait of her son. The colouring was so vivid, the general execution so miraculous, that for some moments they forgot to wonder at the incident in their admiration of the work of art. In one corner of the picture, in small characters, yet fresh, was an inscription, which on examining they found consisted of these words, "*Painted last night. Now, lady, thou hast thy wish.*" My aunt sunk into the Baron's arms.

"In silence and in trembling the wonderful portrait was suspended over the fire-place of my aunt's most favourite apartment. The next day, they received letters from Max. He was quite well, but mentioned nothing of the mysterious painting.

Three months afterwards, as a lady was sitting alone in the Baroness's room, and gazing on the portrait of him she loved right dearly, she suddenly started from her seat, and would have shrieked, had not an indefinable sensation prevented her. The eyes of the portrait moved. The lady stood leaning on a chair, pale, and trembling like an aspen, but gazing stedfastly on the animated portrait. It was no illusion of a heated fancy; again the eyelids trembled, there was a melancholy smile, and then they closed. The clock of Rodenstein Castle struck three. Between astonishment and fear, the Lady was tearless. Three days afterwards came the news of the battle of Leipsic, and at the very moment that the eyes of the portrait closed, Max Rodenstein had been pierced by a Polish Lancer."

"And who was this wonderful lady, the witness of this wonderful incident?" asked Vivian.

"That lady was myself."

There was something so singular in the tone of Mrs. Felix Lorraine's voice, and so peculiar in the expression of her countenance, as she uttered these words, that the jest died on Vivian's tongue; and for want of something better to do, he lashed the little poneys, who were already scampering at their full speed.

The road to the Elfin's Well ran through the wildest parts of the park; and after an hour and a half's drive, they reached the fairy spot. It was a beautiful and pellucid spring, that bubbled up in a small wild dell, which, nurtured by the flowing stream, was singularly fresh and green. Above the spring, the taste of the Marquess, or the Marquess's steward, had erected a Gothic arch of grey stone, round which grew a few fine birch trees. In short, Nature had intended the spot for *pic nics*. There was fine water, and an interesting tradition; and as the parties always bring, or always should bring, a

trained punster, champagne, and cold pasties, what more ought Nature to have provided?

"Come, Mrs. Lorraine, I will tie Gypsey to this ash, and then you and I will rest ourselves beneath these birch trees, just where the fairies dance."

"Oh, delightful!"

"Now truly, we should have some book of beautiful poetry to while away an hour. You will blame me for not bringing one. Do not. I would sooner listen to your voice; and, indeed, there is a subject on which I wish to ask your particular advice."

"*Is* there?"

"I have been thinking that this is a somewhat rash step of the Marquess,—this throwing himself into the arms of his former bitterest enemy, Cleveland."

"You really think so?"

"Why, Mrs. Lorraine, does it appear to you

to be the most prudent course of action, which could have been conceived?"

"Certainly not."

"You agree with me, then, that there is, if not cause for regret at this engagement, at least for reflection on its probable consequences?"

"I quite agree with you."

"I know you do. I have had some conversation with the Marquess upon this subject, this very morning."

"Have you?" eagerly exclaimed the lady, and she looked pale, and breathed short.

"Ay; and he tells me you have made some very sensible observations on the subject. 'Tis a pity they were not made before Mr. Cleveland left, the mischief might then have been prevented."

"I certainly have made *some* observations."

"And very kind of you; what a blessing for the Marquess to have such a friend!"

"I spoke to him," said Mrs. Felix, with a more assured tone, "in much the same spirit as you have been addressing me. It does, indeed, seem a most imprudent act, and I thought it my duty to tell him so."

"Ay, no doubt; but how came you, lady fair, to imagine that *I* was also a person to be dreaded by his Lordship—*I*, Vivian Grey?"

"Did I say *you*?" asked the lady, pale as death—

"Did you *not*, Mrs. Felix Lorraine? Have you not, regardless of my interests, in the most unwarrantable and unjustifiable manner—have you not, to gratify some private pique which you entertain against Mr. Cleveland, have you not, I ask you, poisoned the Marquess's mind against one, who never did aught to you, but what was kind and *honourable*?"

"I have been imprudent—I confess it—I have spoken somewhat loosely."

"Now, madam, listen to me once more,"

and Vivian grasped her hand—"What has passed between you and Mr. Cleveland, it is not for me to enquire—I give you my word of honour, that he never even mentioned your name to me. I can scarcely understand how any man could have incurred the deadly hatred which you appear to entertain for him. I repeat, I can contemplate no situation in which you could be placed together, which would justify such behaviour. It could *not* be justified, even if he had spurned you while ——— *kneeling at his feet.*"

Mrs. Felix Lorraine shrieked and fainted. A sprinkling from the fairy stream soon recovered her. "Spare me! spare me!" she faintly cried: "do not expose me."

"Mrs. Lorraine, I have no wish. I have spoken thus explicitly, that we may not again misunderstand each other—I have spoken thus explicitly, I say, that I may not be under the necessity of speaking again, for if I speak

again, it must not be to Mrs. Felix Lorraine—there is my hand, and now let the Elfin's Well be blotted out of our memories."

Vivian drove rapidly home, and endeavoured to talk in his usual tone, and with his usual spirit; but his companion could not be excited. Once, ay twice, she pressed his hand, and as he assisted her from the phaeton, she murmured something like a——blessing. She ran up stairs immediately. Vivian had to give some directions about the poneys; Gypsey was ill, or Fanny had a cold, or something of the kind, and so he was detained for about a quarter of an hour before the house, speaking most learnedly to grooms, and consulting on cases with a skilled gravity worthy of Professor Coleman.

When he entered the parlour he found the luncheon prepared, and Mrs. Felix pressed him very earnestly to take some refreshment. He was indeed wearied, and agreed to take a glass of hock and seltzer.

"Let me mix it for you," said Mrs. Felix; "do you like sugar?"

Tired with his drive, Vivian Grey was leaning on the mantel-piece, with his eyes vacantly gazing on the looking-glass which rested on the marble slab. It was by pure accident that, reflected in the mirror, he distinctly beheld Mrs. Felix Lorraine open a small silver box, and throw some powder into the tumbler which she was preparing for him. She was leaning down, with her back almost turned to the glass, but still Vivian saw it—*distinctly*. A sickness came over him, and ere he could recover himself, his Hebe tapped him on the shoulder—

"Here, drink, drink while it is effervescent."

"I cannot drink," said Vivian, "I am not thirsty—I am too hot—I am anything——"

"How foolish you are! It will be quite spoiled."

"No, no, the dog shall have it. Here, Fidele, you look thirsty enough—come here—"

"Mr. Grey, I do not mix tumblers for dogs," said the lady, rather agitated: "if you will not take it," and she held it once more before him, "here it goes for ever." So saying, she emptied the tumbler into a large globe of glass, in which some gold and silver fishes were swimming their endless rounds.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONSERVATORY.

This last specimen of Mrs. Felix Lorraine was somewhat too much, even for the steeled nerves of Vivian Grey, and he sought his chamber for relief.

"Is it possible? Can I believe my senses? Or has some dæmon, as we read of in old tales, mocked me in a magic mirror? I can believe any thing.—Oh! my heart is very sick! I once imagined, that I was using this woman for my purpose. Is it possible, that aught of good can come to one who is forced to make use of such evil instruments as these? A horrible

thought sometimes comes over my spirit. I fancy, that in this mysterious foreigner, that in this woman, I have met a kind of *double* of myself. The same wonderful knowledge of the human mind, the same sweetness of voice, the same miraculous management which has brought us both under the same roof: yet do I find her the most abandoned of all beings; a creature guilty of that, which, even in this guilty age, I thought was obsolete. And is it possible that I am like her? that I can resemble her? that even the indefinite shadow of my most unhallowed thought, can, for a moment, be as vile as her righteousness? Oh, God! the system of my existence seems to stop: I cannot breathe." He flung himself upon his bed, and felt for a moment as if he had quaffed the poisoned draught so lately offered.

"It is not so—it cannot be so—it shall not be so! In seeking the Marquess, I was unquestionably impelled by a mere feeling of self-

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interest; but I have advised him to no course of action, in which his welfare is not equally consulted with my own. Indeed, if not Principle, Interest would make me act faithfully towards him, for my fortunes are bound up in his. But am I entitled—I, who can lose nothing; am I entitled to play with other men's fortunes? Am I, all this time, deceiving myself with some wretched sophistry? Am I then an intellectual Don Juan, reckless of human minds, as he was of human bodies—a spiritual libertine? But why this wild declamation? Whatever I have done, it is too late to recede; even this very moment, *delay* is *destruction*, for now, it is not a question as to the ultimate prosperity of our worldly prospects, but the immediate safety of our very bodies. Poison! Oh, God! Oh, God! Away with all fear—all repentance—all thought of past—all reckoning of future. If I am the Juan that I fancied myself, then, Heaven be praised! I have a con-

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fidant in all my trouble; the most faithful of counsellors; the craftiest of valets; a Leporello often tried, and never found wanting—my own good mind. "And now, thou female fiend! the battle is to the strongest; and I see right well, that the struggle between two such spirits will be a long and a fearful one. Woe, I say, to the vanquished! You must be dealt with by arts, which even yourself cannot conceive. Your boasted knowledge of human nature shall not again stand you in stead; for, mark me, from henceforward, Vivian Grey's conduct towards you shall have no precedent in human nature."

As Vivian re-entered the drawing-room, he met a servant carrying in the globe of gold and silver fishes.

"What, still in your pelisse, Mrs. Lorraine," said Vivian. "Nay, I hardly wonder at it, for surely, a prettier pelisse never yet

fitted prettier form. You have certainly a most admirable taste in dress; and this the more surprises me, for it is generally your plain personage, that is the most *recherché* in frills, and fans, and flounces."

The lady smiled.

"Oh! by the bye," continued her companion, "I've a letter from Cleveland this morning. I wonder how any misunderstanding could possibly have existed between you, for he speaks of you in *such* terms."

"What does he say?" was the quick question.

"*Oh! what does he say?*" drawled out Vivian; and he yawned, and was most provokingly uncommunicative.

"Come, come, Mr. Grey, *do* tell me."

"Oh! tell you—certainly. Come, let us walk together in the conservatory:" so saying, he took the lady by the hand, and they left the room.

"And now for the letter, Mr. Grey!"

"Ay, now for the letter;" and Vivian slowly drew an epistle from his pocket, and therefrom read some exceedingly sweet passages, which made Mrs. Felix Lorraine's very heart's blood tingle. Considering that Vivian Grey had never in his life received a single letter from Mr. Cleveland, this was tolerably well: but he was always an admirable Improvisatore! "I am sure that when Cleveland comes to town everything will be explained; I am sure, at least, that it will not be *my* fault, if you are not the *best* friends. I am heroic in saying all this, Mrs. Lorraine; there was a time, when—(and here Vivian seemed so agitated that he could scarcely proceed)—there was a time when I could have called that man—*liar!* who would have prophesied that Vivian Grey could have assisted another in rivetting the affections of Mrs. Felix Lorraine;—but enough of this. I am a weak inexperienced boy, and misinter-

pret, perhaps, that, which is merely the compassionate kindness natural to all women, into a feeling of a higher nature. But, I must learn to contain myself; I really do feel quite ashamed of my behaviour about the tumbler to-day: to act with such unwarrantable unkindness, merely because I had remembered that you once performed the same kind office for Colonel Delmington, was indeed too bad!"

"Colonel Delmington is a vain, empty-headed fool. Do not think of him, my dear Mr. Grey," said Mrs. Felix, with a countenance beaming with smiles.

"Well, I will not; and I'll try to behave like a man; like a man of the world, I should say: but indeed you must excuse the warm feelings of a youth: and truly, when I call to mind the first days of our acquaintance, and then remember that our moon-lit walks are gone for ever—and that our—"

"Nay, do not believe so, my dear Vivian; believe me, as I ever shall be, your friend, your—"

"I will, I will, my dear, my own Amalia!"

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

CHAPTER VI.

THE LONG GALLERY.

It was an Autumnal night—the wind was capricious and changeable as a petted beauty, or an Italian greyhound, or a shot silk. Now the breeze blew so fresh, that the white clouds dashed along the sky, as if they bore a band of witches, too late for their sabbath meeting—or some other mischief: and now, lulled and soft as the breath of a slumbering infant, you might almost have fancied it Midsummer's Eve; and the bright moon, with her starry court, reigned undisturbed in the light blue sky. Vivian Grey was leaning against an old

beech tree in the most secluded part of the park, and was gazing on the moon.

Oh! thou bright moon! thou object of my first love! thou shalt not escape an invocation, although, perchance at this very moment, some varlet sonneteer is prating of 'thy boy Endymion,' and 'thy silver bow.' Here to thee, Queen of the Night! in whatever name thou most delightest! Or Bendis, as they hailed you in rugged Thrace; or Bubastis, as they howled to you in mysterious Egypt; or Dian, as they sacrificed to you in gorgeous Rome; or Artemis, as they sighed to you on the bright plains of ever glorious Greece! Why is it, that all men gaze on thee? Why is it, that all men love thee? Why is it, that all men worship thee?

Shine on, shine on, Sultana of the soul! the Passions are thy eunuch slaves; Ambition gazes on thee, and his burning brow is cooled, and his fitful pulse is calm. Grief wanders in

her moon-lit walk, and sheds no tear; and when your crescent smiles, the lustre of Joy's revelling eye is dusked. Quick Anger, in your light, forgets revenge; and even dove-eyed Hope feeds on no future joys, when gazing on the miracle of thy beauty.

Shine on, shine on! although a pure Virgin, thou art the mighty mother of all abstraction! The eye of the weary peasant returning from his daily toil, and the rapt gaze of the inspired poet, are alike fixed on thee; thou stillest the roar of marching armies; and who can doubt thy influence o'er the waves, who has witnessed the wide Atlantic sleeping under thy silver beams?

Shine on, shine on! they say thou art Earth's satellite; yet when I do gaze on thee, my thoughts are not of thy Suzerain. They teach us that thy power is a fable, and that thy divinity is a dream. Oh, thou bright Queen! I will be no traitor to thy sweet authority; and

verily, I will not believe that thy influence o'er our hearts, is, at this moment, less potent, than when we worshipped in thy glittering fane of Ephesus, or trembled at the dark horrors of thine Arician rites. Then, hail to thee, Queen of the Night! Hail to thee, Diana, Triformis, Cynthia, Orthia, Taurica, ever mighty, ever lovely, ever holy! Hail! hail! hail!

If I were a metaphysician, I would tell you why Vivian Grey had been gazing two hours on the moon, for I could then present you with a most logical programme of the march of his ideas, since he whispered his last honied speech in the ear of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, at dinner time, until this very moment, when he did not even remember that such a being as Mrs. Felix Lorraine breathed. Glory to the metaphysician's all perfect theory! When they can tell me why, at a bright banquet, the thought of death has flashed across my mind, who fear not death; when they can tell me, why, at the bu-

rial of my beloved friend, when my very heart-strings seemed bursting, my sorrow has been mocked by the involuntary remembrance of ludicrous adventures, and grotesque tales; when they can tell me why, in a dark mountain pass, I have thought of an absent woman's eyes; or why, when in the very act of squeezing the third lime into a beaker of Burgundy cup, my memory hath been of lean apothecaries, and their vile drugs;—why then, I say again, glory to the metaphysician's all perfect theory! and fare you well, sweet world, and you my merry masters, whom, perhaps, I have studied somewhat too cunningly: *nosce teipsum* shall be my motto. I'll doff my travelling cap, and on with the monk's cowl.

There are mysterious moments in some men's lives, when the faces of human beings are very agony to them, and when the sound of the human voice is jarring as discordant music. These fits are not the consequence of violent or contend-

ing passions; they grow not out of sorrow, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear, nor hatred, nor despair. For in the hour of affliction, the tones of our fellow-creatures are ravishing as the most delicate lute; and in the flush moment of joy, where is the smiler, who loves not a witness to his revelry, or a listener to his good fortune? Fear makes us feel our humanity, and then we fly to men, and Hope is the parent of kindness. The misanthrope and the reckless, are neither agitated, nor agonized. It is in these moments, that men find in Nature that congeniality of spirit, which they seek for, in vain, in their own species. It is in these moments, that we sit by the side of a waterfall, and listen to its music the live day long. It is in these moments, that we gaze upon the moon. It is in these moments, that Nature becomes our Egeria; and refreshed and renovated by this beautiful communion, we return to the world, better enabled to fight our parts in the hot war of

passions, to perform the great duties, for which man appears to have been created,—to love, to hate, to slander, and to slay.

It was past midnight, and Vivian was at a considerable distance from the Château. He proposed entering by a side-door, which led into the billiard-room, and from thence crossing the Long Gallery, he could easily reach his apartment, without disturbing any of the household. His way led through the little gate, at which he had parted with Mrs. Felix Lorraine on the first day of their meeting.

As he softly opened the door which led into the Long Gallery, he found he was not alone. leaning against one of the casements, was a female. Her profile was to Vivian as he entered, and the moon, which shone bright through the window, lit up a countenance, which he might be excused for not immediately recognising as that of Mrs. Felix Lorraine. She was gazing stedfastly, but her eye did not seem

fixed upon any particular object. Her features appeared convulsed, but their contortions were not momentary, and pale as death, a hideous grin seemed chiselled on her idiot countenance.

Vivian scarcely knew whether to stay or to retire. Desirous not to disturb her, he determined not even to breathe; and, as is generally the case, his very exertions to be silent made him nervous; and to save himself from being stifled, he coughed.

Mrs. Lorraine immediately started, and stared wildly around her; and when her eye caught Vivian's, there was a sound in her throat something like the death rattle.

"Who are you?" she eagerly asked.

"A friend, and Vivian Grey."

"Grey! how came you here?" and she rushed forward and wildly seized his hand—and then she muttered to herself, "'tis flesh—'tis flesh."

"I have been playing, I fear, the mooncalf

to-night; and find, that though I am a late watcher, I am not a solitary one."

Mrs. Lorraine stared earnestly at him, and then she endeavoured to assume her usual expression of countenance; but the effort was too much for her. She dropped Vivian's arm, and buried her face in her own hands. Vivian was retiring, when she again looked up. "Where are you going?" she asked, with a quick voice.

"To sleep—as I would advise all: 'tis much past midnight."

"Thou sayest not the truth. The brightness of your eye belies the sentence of your tongue. You are *not* for sleep."

"Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Lorraine, I really have been gaping for the last hour," said Vivian, and he moved on.

"Mr. Grey! you are speaking to one who takes her answer from the eye, which does not deceive, and from the speaking lineaments of the face, which are Truth's witnesses. Keep

your voice for those who can credit man's words. You *will* go, then. What! are you afraid of a woman, because '*'tis past midnight*,' and you 're in an old gallery."

"Fear, Mrs. Lorraine, is not a word in my vocabulary."

"The words in thy vocabulary are few, boy! as are the years of thine age. He who sent you here this night, sent you here not to slumber. Come hither!" and she led Vivian to the window: "what see you?"

"I see Nature at rest, Mrs. Lorraine; and I would fain follow the example of beasts, birds, and fishes."

"Yet gaze upon this scene one second. See the distant hills, how beautifully their rich covering is tinted with the moonbeam! These nearer fir-trees—how radiantly their black skeleton forms are tipped with silver! and the old and thickly-foliaged oaks bathed in light!

and the purple lake reflecting in its lustrous bosom another heaven! Is it not a fair scene?"

"Beautiful! Oh, most beautiful!"

"Yet, Vivian, where is the being for whom all this beauty existeth? Where is your mighty creature—Man? The peasant on his rough couch enjoys, perchance, slavery's only service-money—sweet sleep; or, waking in the night, curses at the same time his lot and his lord. And that lord is restless on some downy couch; his night thoughts, not of this sheeny lake and this bright moon, but of some miserable creation of man's artifice, some mighty nothing, which Nature knows not of, some offspring of her bastard child—Society. Why then is Nature loveliest when man looks not on her? For whom, then, Vivian Grey, is this scene so fair?"

"For poets, lady; for philosophers; for all those superior spirits who require some relaxation from the world's toils; spirits who only

commingle with humanity, on the condition that they may sometimes commune with Nature."

"Superior spirits! say you?" and here they paced the gallery. "When Valerian, first Lord Carabas, raised this fair castle—when, profuse for his posterity, all the genius of Italian art and Italian artists was lavished on this English palace; when the stuffs, and statues, the marbles, and the mirrors, the tapestry, and the carvings, and the paintings of Genoa, and Florence, and Venice, and Padua, and Vicenza, were obtained by him at miraculous cost, and with still more miraculous toil; what think you would have been his sensations, if, while his soul was revelling in the futurity of his descendants keeping their state in this splendid pile, some wizard had foretold to him, that ere three centuries could elapse, the fortunes of his mighty family would be the sport of two individuals; one of them, a foreigner unconnected in blood, or connected only in hatred;

and the other, a young adventurer alike unconnected with his race, in blood, or in love; a being, ruling all things by the power of his own genius, and reckless of all consequences, save his own prosperity. If the future had been revealed to my great ancestor, the Lord Valerian, think you, Vivian Grey, that we should have been walking in this long gallery?"

"Really, Mrs. Lorraine, I have been so interested in discovering what people think in the nineteenth century, that I have had but little time to speculate on the possible opinions of an old gentleman who flourished in the sixteenth."

"You may sneer, sir; but I ask you, if there are spirits so superior to that of the slumbering Lord of this castle, as those of Vivian Grey and Amalia Lorraine; why may there not be spirits proportionately superior to our own?"

"If you are keeping me from my bed, Mrs. Lorraine, merely to lecture my conceit by proving that there are in this world wiser heads than that of Vivian Grey, on my honour, madam, you are giving yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble."

"You *will* misunderstand me, then, thou wilful boy!"

"Nay, lady, I will not affect to misunderstand your meaning; but I recognise, you know full well, no intermediate essence between my own good soul, and that ineffable and omnipotent spirit, in whose existence philosophers and priests alike agree."

"Omnipotent, and ineffable essence! Oh! leave such words to scholars, and to schoolboys! And think you, that such indefinite nothings, such unmeaning abstractions, can influence beings whose veins are full of blood, bubbling like this?" And here she grasped Vivian with a feverish hand—"Omnipotent,

and ineffable essence! Oh! I have lived in a land, where every mountain, and every stream, and every wood, and every ruin, has its legend, and its peculiar spirit; a land, in whose dark forests, the midnight hunter, with his spirit-shout, scares the slumbers of the trembling serf; a land, from whose winding rivers, the fair-haired Undine welcomes the belated traveller to her fond, and fatal, embrace; and you talk to *me* of omnipotent and ineffable essences! Oh! miserable mocker!—It is not true, Vivian Grey; you are but echoing the world's deceit, and even at this hour of the night, thou darest not speak as thou dost think. Thou worshippest no omnipotent and ineffable essence—thou believest in no omnipotent and ineffable essence; shrined in the secret chamber of your soul, there is an image, before which you bow down in adoration, and that image is——YOURSELF. And truly when I do gaze upon thy radiant eyes," and here

the lady's tone became more terrestrial,—"and truly when I do look upon thy luxuriant curls," and here the lady's small white hand played like lightning through Vivian's dark hair,—"and truly when I do remember the beauty of thy all-perfect form, I cannot deem thy self-worship —a false idolatry;" and here the lady's arms were locked round Vivian's neck, and her head rested on his bosom.

"Oh! Amalia! it would be far better for you to rest here, than to think of that, of which the knowledge is vanity."

"Vanity!" shrieked Mrs. Lorraine, and she violently loosed her embrace, and extricated herself from the arm, which, rather in courtesy, than in kindness, had been wound round her delicate waist—"Vanity! Oh! if you knew but what I know—Oh! if you had but seen what I have seen"—and here her voice failed her, and she stood motionless in the moonshine, with averted head and outstretched arms.

"Amalia! this is very madness; for Heaven's sake calm yourself!"

"Calm myself! Oh! it is madness; very, very madness! 'tis the madness of the fascinated bird; 'tis the madness of the murderer who is voluntarily broken on the wheel; 'tis the madness of the fawn, that gazes with adoration on the lurid glare of the anaconda's eye; 'tis the madness of woman who flies to the arms of her—*Fate;*" and here she sprang like a tigress round Vivian's neck, her long light hair bursting from its bands, and clustering down her shoulders.

And here was Vivian Grey, at past midnight, in this old gallery, with this wild woman clinging round his neck. The figures in the ancient tapestry looked living in the moon, and immediately opposite him was one compartment of some old mythological tale, in which were represented, grinning, in grim majesty,—THE FATES.

The wind now rose again, and the clouds which had vanished, began to re-assemble in the heavens. As the blue sky was gradually being covered, the gigantic figures of Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, became as gradually dimmer, and dimmer, and the grasp of Vivian's fearful burthen looser, and looser. At last the moon was entirely hid, the figures of the Fates vanished, and Mrs. Felix Lorraine sank lifeless into his arms.

Vivian groped his way with difficulty to the nearest window, the very one at which she was leaning, when he first entered the gallery. He played with her wild curls; he whispered to her in a voice sweeter than the sweetest serenade; but she only raised her eyes from his breast, and stared wildly at him, and then clung round his neck with, if possible, a tighter grasp.

For nearly half an hour did Vivian stand leaning against the window, with his mystic

and motionless companion. At length the wind again fell: there was a break in the sky, and a single star appeared in the midst of the clouds, surrounded with a little heaven of azure.

"See there, see there!" the lady cried, and then she unlocked her arms. "What would you give, Vivian Grey, to read that star?"

"Am I more interested in that star, Amalia, than in any other of the bright host?" asked Vivian, with a serious tone, for he thought it necessary to humour his companion.

"Are you *not?* is it not the star of thy destiny?"

"And are you learned in all the learning of the Chaldeans too, lady?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" slowly murmured Mrs. Lorraine, and then she started; but Vivian seized her arms, and prevented her from again clasping his neck.

"I must keep these pretty hands close

prisoners," he said, smiling, "unless you promise to behave with more moderation. Come, my Amalia! you shall be my instructress! Why am I so interested in this brilliant star?" and holding her hands in one of his, he wound his arm round her waist, and whispered her such words, as he thought might calm her troubled spirit. The wildness of her eyes gradually gave way; at length, she raised them to Vivian with a look of meek tenderness, and her head sank upon his breast.

"It shines, it shines, it shines, Vivian!" she softly whispered, "glory to thee, and woe to me! Nay, you need not hold my hands, I will not harm you. I cannot—'tis no use. Oh, Vivian! when we first met, how little did I know to whom I pledged myself!"

"Amalia, forget these wild fancies, estrange yourself from the murky mysticism which has exercised so baneful an influence, not only over

your mind, but over the very soul of the land from which you come. Recognize in me only your friend, and leave the other world to those who value it more, or more deserve it. Does not this fair earth contain sufficient of interest and enjoyment?"

"Oh, Vivian! you speak with a sweet voice, but with a sceptic's spirit. Thou knowest not what I know."

"Tell me then, my Amalia; let me share your secrets, provided they be your sorrows."

"Oh, Vivian! almost within this hour, and in this park, there has happened that—which ——" and here her voice died, and she looked fearfully round her.

"Nay, fear not, fear not; no one can harm you here, no one shall harm you. Rest, rest upon me, and tell me all thy grief."

"I dare not—I cannot tell you."

"Nay, my own love, thou shalt"

"I cannot speak, your eye scares me. Are you mocking me? I cannot speak if you look so at me."

"I will not look on you; I will play with your long hair, and gaze on yonder star.—Now, speak on, my own love."

"Oh! Vivian, there is a custom in my native land—the world calls it an unhallowed one; you, in your proud spirit, will call it a vain one. But you would not deem it vain, if you were the woman now resting on your bosom. At certain hours of particular nights, and with peculiar ceremonies, which I need not here mention—we do believe, that in a lake or other standing water, fate reveals itself to the solitary votary. Oh! Vivian, I have been too long a searcher after this fearful science; and this very night, agitated in spirit, I sought yon water. The wind was in the right direction, and every thing concurred in favouring a most propitious di-

vination. I knelt down to gaze on the lake. I had always been accustomed to view my own figure performing some future action, or engaged in some future scene of my life. I gazed, but I saw nothing but a brilliant star. I looked up into the heavens, but the star was not there, and the clouds were driving quick across the sky. More than usually agitated by this singular occurrence, I gazed once more; and just at the moment, when with breathless and fearful expectation, I waited the revelation of my immediate destiny, there flitted a figure across the water. It was there only for the breathing of a second, and as it passed, it mocked me." Here Mrs. Lorraine writhed in Vivian's arms; her features were moulded in the same unnatural expression as when he first entered the gallery, and the hideous grin was again sculptured on her countenance. Her whole frame was in such a state of agitation,

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that she rose up and down in Vivian's arms; and it was only with the exertion of his whole strength, that he could retain her.

"Why, Amalia—this—this was nothing—your own figure."

"No, not my own—it was *yours!*"

Uttering a loud and piercing shriek, which echoed through the winding gallery, she fainted.

Vivian gazed on her in a state of momentary stupefaction, for the extraordinary scene had begun to influence his own nerves. And now he heard the tread of distant feet, and a light shone through the key-hole of the nearest door. The fearful shriek had alarmed some of the household. What was to be done? In desperation Vivian caught the lady up in his arms, and dashing out of an opposite door bore her to her chamber.

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CHAPTER VII.

SOUTH AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

What is this chapter to be about? Come, I 'm inclined to be courteous! You shall choose the subject of it. What shall it be—sentiment or scandal? a love scene, or a lay-sermon—or a lecture on omelettes soufflées? I am sick of the world! Don't be frightened, sweet reader! and Pearson, bring me a bottle of soda-water! I am sick of the world, and actually am now hesitating whether I shall turn misanthrope, or go to the Ancient Music. Not that you are to imagine that I am a dissatisfied, disappointed, moody monster, who lectures the

stars, and fancies himself Rousseau secundus—. not in the least. I am naturally a very amiable individual; but the truth is, I have been suffering the last three weeks under a tremendous attack of bile, and if I chance to touch a quill in this miserable state, why unfortunately, I have the habit of discharging a little of that ever-to-be abhorred juice. This, therefore, must be my excuse for occasionally appearing to be a little peevish. Far from disliking the world, I am always ready to do its merits the most poetical justice. Oh! thou beautiful world! thou art a very pleasant thing —to those who know thee not. Pah! I can't get on: and now, on looking in the glass again, I *do* find myself a *leetle* yellow under the eyes still, a twitch in the left temple, tongue like snow in a fog, a violent nausea, pulse at one hundred and ten, yet with the appetite of a Bonassus. Another fit of the bile, by all that 's sacred—Oh! thou vile world! now for a libel!

When Vivian awoke in the morning, he found a note upon his pillow.

"Did you hear the horrid shriek last night? It must have disturbed every one. I think it must have been one of the South American birds, which Captain Tropic gave the Marchioness. Do not they sometimes favour the world with these nocturnal shriekings? Isn't there a passage in Spix apropos to this?

"A ——"

"Did you hear the shriek last night, Mr. Grey?" asked the Marchioness, as Vivian entered the breakfast-room.

"Oh yes! Mr. Grey, did you hear the shriek?" asked Miss Graves.

"Who didn't?"

"Oh! what could it be?" said the Marchioness.

"Oh! what could it be?" said Miss Graves.

"Oh! what should it be—a cat in a gut-

ter, or a sick cow, or a toad dying to be devoured, Miss Graves."

Always snub toadeys, and fed captains. It's only your greenhorns who endeavour to make their way by fawning and cringing to every member of the establishment. It is a miserable mistake. No one likes his dependants to be treated with respect, for such treatment affords an unpleasant contrast to his own conduct. Besides, it makes the toadey's blood unruly. There are three persons, mind you, to be attended to:—my lord, or my lady, as the case may be (usually the latter), the pet daughter, and the pet dog. I throw out these hints *en passant*, for my principal objects in writing this work are to amuse myself, and to instruct society. In some future book, probably the twentieth or twenty-fifth, when the plot begins to wear threadbare, and we can afford a digression, I may give a chapter on Domestic Tactics.

"My dear Marchioness," continued Vivian, "see there—I've kept my promise—there's your bracelet. How's Julie to-day?"

"Oh! Julie, poor dear, I hope she's better."

"Oh! yes, poor Julie! I think she's better."

"I don't know that, Miss Graves," said her Ladyship somewhat tartly, not at all approving of a toadey *thinking*. "I'm afraid that scream last night must have disturbed her. Oh dear! Mr. Grey, I'm afraid she'll be ill again."

Miss Graves looked mournful, and lifted up her eyes, and hands, to Heaven, but did not dare to speak this time.

"I thought she looked a little heavy about the eyes this morning," said the Marchioness, apparently very agitated; "and I've heard from Eglamour this post; he's not well too—I think every body's ill now—he's caught a fever going to see the ruins of Pæstum: I wonder why people go to see ruins!"

"I wonder indeed," said Miss Graves; "I never could see any thing in a ruin."

"Oh dear Grey!" continued the Marchioness, "I really am afraid Julie's going to be very ill."

"Oh! let Miss Graves pull her tail, and give her a little mustard seed; she'll be bette: to-morrow."

"Well, Graves, mind you do what Mr. Grey tells you."

Oh! y-e-s, my Lady!"

"Mrs. Felix Lorraine," said the Marchioness, as that lady entered the room, "you are late to-day; I always reckon upon you as a supporter of an early breakfast at Desir."

"Oh! I've been half round the park."

"Did you hear the scream, Mrs. Felix?"

"Do you know what it *was*, Marchioness?"

"No—do you?"

"Ay! ay! see the reward of early rising, and a walk before breakfast. It was one of

your new American birds, and it has half torn down your aviary."

"One of the New Americans! Oh, the naughty thing! and has it broke the new fancy wire-work?"

Here a little odd-looking, snuffy old man, with a brown scratch wig, who had been very busily employed the whole breakfast-time with a cold game pie, the bones of which Vivian observed him most scientifically pick and polish, laid down his knife and fork, and addressed the Marchioness with an air of great interest.

"Pray, will your Ladyship have the goodness to inform me what bird this is?"

The Marchioness looked astounded at any one presuming to ask her a question; and then she drawled, "Vivian, you know every thing—tell this gentleman what a bird is."

Now this gentleman was Mr. Mackaw, the most celebrated ornithologist extant, and who had written a treatise on Brazilian parroquets,

in three volumes folio. He had arrived late at the Château the preceding night, and, although he had the honour of presenting his letter of introduction to the Marquess, this morning was the first time he had been seen by any of the party present, who were of course profoundly ignorant of his character.

"Oh! we were talking of some South American bird given to the Marchioness by the famous Captain Tropic; you know him, perhaps, Bolivar's brother-in-law, or aid-de-camp, or something of that kind;—and which screams so dreadfully at night, that the whole family is disturbed. The Chowchowtow it's called—isn't it, Mrs. Lorraine?"

"The Chowchowtow!" said Mr. Mackaw; "I don't know it by that name."

"Oh! don't you? I dare say we shall find an account of it in Spix; however," said Vivian, rising, and taking a volume from the

book-case; "ay! here it is — I'll read it to you.

"The Chowchowtow is about five feet seven inches in length, from the point of the bill, to the extremity of the claws. Its plumage is of a dingy, yellowish white: its form is elegant, and in its movements, and action, a certain pleasing and graceful dignity is observable; but its head is by no means worthy of the rest of its frame; and the expression of its eye is indicative of the cunning, and treachery, of its character. The habits of this bird are peculiar: occasionally most easily domesticated, it is apparently sensible of the slightest kindness; but its regard cannot be depended upon, and for the slightest inducement, or with the least irritation, it will fly at its feeder. At other times, it seeks the most perfect solitude, and can only be captured with the greatest skill and perseverance. It generally feeds three times a-day, but

its appetite is not rapacious; it sleeps little; is usually on the wing at sunrise, and proves that it slumbers but little in the night by its nocturnal and thrilling shrieks."

"What an extraordinary bird! Is that the bird you meant, Mrs. Felix Lorraine?"

Mr. Mackaw was extremely restless the whole time that Vivian was reading this interesting extract. At last, he burst forth with an immense deal of science, and a great want of construction—a want, which scientific men often experience, always excepting those mealy-mouthed *professeurs* who lecture "at the Royal," and get patronized by the blues—the Lavoisiers of May Fair!

"Chowchowtow, my Lady!—five feet seven inches high! Brazilian bird! When I just remind your Ladyship, that the height of the tallest bird to be found in Brazil,—and in mentioning this fact, I mention nothing hypothetical,—the tallest bird does not stand higher

than four feet nine. Chowchowtow! Dr. Spix is a name—accurate traveller—don't remember the passage—most singular bird! Chowchowtow! don't know it by that name. Perhaps, your Ladyship isn't aware. I think you called that gentleman Mr. Grey. Perhaps, Mr. Grey is not aware, that I am Mr. Mackaw—I arrived here late last night—whose work in three volumes folio, on Brazilian Parroquets, although I had the honour of seeing his Lordship is, I trust, a sufficient evidence that I am not speaking at random on this subject; and consequently, from the lateness of the hour, could not have the honour of being introduced to your Ladyship."

"Mr. Mackaw!" thought Vivian. "The deuce you are! Oh! why didn't I say a Columbian cassowary, or a Peruvian penquin, or a Chilian condor, or a Guatemalan goose, or a Mexican mastard—any thing but Brazilian. Oh! unfortunate Vivian Grey!"

The Marchioness, who was quite overcome with this scientific appeal, raised her large, beautiful, sleepy eyes, from a delicious compound of French roll and new milk, which she was working up in a Sevre saucer for Julie; and then, as usual, looked to Vivian for assistance.

"Grey, dear! You know every thing. Tell Mr. Mackaw about a bird."

"Is there any point on which you differ from Spix in his account of the Chowchowtow, Mr. Mackaw?"

"My dear sir, I don't follow him at all. Dr. Spix is a most excellent man; a most accurate traveller—quite a name—but to be sure, I've only read his work in our own tongue; and I fear from the passage you have just quoted—five feet seven inches high! in Brazil! It must be a most imperfect version. I say, that four feet nine is the greatest height I know. I don't speak without some foundation for my statement. The only bird I know above

that height is the Paraguay cassowary; which, to be sure, is sometimes found in Brazil. But the description of your bird, Mr. Grey, does not answer that at all. I ought to know. I do not speak at random. The only living specimen of that extraordinary bird, the Paraguay cassowary, in this country, is in my possession. It was sent me by Bonpland; and was given to him by the dictator of Paraguay himself. I call it, in compliment, *Doctor Francia.* I arrived here so late last night—only saw his Lordship—or I would have had it on the lawn this morning."

"Oh! then, Mr. Mackaw," said Vivian, "that was the bird which screamed last night!"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Mr. Mackaw," said Mrs. Felix Lorraine.

"Marchioness! Marchioness!" continued Vivian, "it's found out. It's Mr. Mackaw's particular friend, his family physician, whom he always travels with, that awoke us all last night."

"Is he a foreigner?" asked the Marchioness, looking up.

"My dear Mr. Grey, impossible! the Doctor never screams."

"Oh! Mr. Mackaw, Mr. Mackaw!" said Vivian.

"Oh! Mr. Mackaw, Mr. Mackaw!" said Mrs. Felix Lorraine.

"I tell you he never screams," reiterated the man of science, "I tell you he can't scream, he's *muzzled*."

"Oh! then, it must have been the Chow-chowtow."

"Yes; I think it must have been the Chow-chowtow."

"I should very much like to hear Spix's description again," said Mr. Mackaw, "only I fear it's troubling you too much, Mr. Grey."

"Read it yourself, my dear Sir," said Vivian, putting the book into his hand, which was the third volume of Tremaine.

Mr. Mackaw looked at the volume, and turned it over, and sideways, and upside downwards: the brain of a man who has written three folios on parroquets is soon puzzled. At first, he thought the book was a novel; but then, an essay on predestination, under the title of Memoirs of a Man of Refinement, rather puzzled him; then he mistook it for an Oxford reprint of Pearson on the Creed; and then he stumbled on rather a warm scene in an old Château in the South of France.

Before Mr. Mackaw could gain the power of speech, the door opened, and entered—who? —Doctor Francia.

Mr. Mackaw's travelling companion possessed the awkward accomplishment of opening doors, and now strutted in, in quest of his beloved master. Affection for Mr. Mackaw was not, however, the only cause which induced this entrée.

The household of Château Desir, unused to

cassowarys, had neglected to supply Dr. Francia with his usual breakfast, which consisted of half a dozen pounds of rump steaks, a couple of bars of hard iron, some pig lead, and brown stout. The consequence was, the dictator was sadly famished.

All the ladies screamed; and then Mrs. Felix Lorraine admired the Doctor's violet neck, and the Marchioness looked with an anxious eye on Julie, and Miss Graves, as in duty bound, with an anxious eye on the Marchioness.

There stood the Doctor, quite still, with his large yellow eye fixed on Mr. Mackaw. At length, he perceived the cold pasty, and his little black wings began to flutter on the surface of his immense body.

"Che, che, che, che!" said the ornithologist, who didn't like the symptoms at all: "Che, che, che, che,—don't be frightened, ladies! you see he's muzzled—che, che, che, che,—now, my dear doctor, now, now, now,

Franky, Franky, Franky, now go away, go away, that's a dear doctor — che, che, che che!"

But the large yellow eye grew more flaming and fiery, and the little black wings grew larger, and larger; and now the left leg was dashed to and fro, with a fearful agitation. Mackaw looked agonized. — Pop! — what a whirr! — Francia is on the table! — All shriek, the chairs tumble over, the Ottomans — the Sevre china is in a thousand pieces — the muzzle is torn off and thrown at Miss Graves; Mackaw's wig is dashed in the clotted cream, and devoured on the spot; and the contents of the boiling urn are poured over the beauteous, and beloved Julie!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VIVIAN PAPERS.

Mr. Colburn insists, that this is the only title, under which I can possibly publish the letters, which Vivian Grey received on the —— day of ——, 18—. I love to be particular in dates.

The Honourable Miss Cynthia Courtown, to Vivian Grey, Esq.

"Dear Grey, Alburies, Oct. 18—

"We have now been at Alburies for a fortnight. Nothing can be more delightful. Here is every body in the world that I wish to see,

except yourself. The Knightons, with as many outriders as usual:—Lady Julia and myself are great allies; I like her amazingly. The Marquess of Grandgoût arrived here last week, with a most delicious party; all the men who write John Bull. I was rather disappointed at the first sight of Stanislaus Hoax. I had expected, I don't know why, something juvenile, and squibbish—when lo! I was introduced to a corpulent individual, with his coat buttoned up to his chin, looking dull, gentlemanly, and apoplectic. However, on acquaintance, he came out quite rich—sings delightfully, and improvises like a prophet—ten thousand times more entertaining than Pistrucci. We are sworn friends; and I know all the secret history of John Bull. There is not much, to be sure, that you didn't tell me yourself; but still there are *some things*. I must not trust them, however, to paper, and therefore pray dash down to Alburies immediately;

I shall be most happy to introduce you to Lord Devildrain. There *was* an interview. What think you of that? Stanislaus told me all, *circumstantially*, and *after dinner*—I don't doubt that it's quite true. What would you give for the secret history of the 'rather yellow, rather yellow,' *chanson*. I dare not tell it you. It came from a quarter that will quite astound you, and in a very elegant, small, female hand. You remember Lambton did stir very awkwardly in the Lisbon business. Stanislaus wrote all the songs that appeared in the first numbers, except that; but he never wrote a single line of prose for the first three months: it all came from Vivida Vis.

"I like the Marquess of Grandgoût so much! I hope he'll be elevated in the peerage:—he looks as if he wanted it so! Poor dear man!

"Oh! do you know I've discovered a *liaison* between Bull, and Blackwood. I'm to be in the next Noctes; I forget the words of the chorus

exactly, but *Courtown* is to rhyme with *port down*, or something of that kind, and then they 're to dash their glasses over their heads, give three cheers, and adjourn to whiskey-toddy, and the Chaldee chamber. How delightful!

"The Prima Donnas are at Cheltenham, looking most respectable. Do you ever see the Age? It is not proper for me to take it in. Pray send me down your numbers, and tell me all about it; that 's a dear. Is it true that his Lordship paragraphises a little?

"I have not heard from Ernest Clay, which I think very odd. If you write to him, mention this, and tell him to send me word how Dormer Stanhope behaves at mess. I understand there has been a *mêlée*, not much—merely a *rouette*: do get it all out of him.

"Colonel Delmington is at Cheltenham, with the most knowing beard you can possibly conceive; Lady Julia rather patronizes him. Lady Doubtful has been turned out of the rooms;

fifty challenges in consequence, and one duel; missed fire, of course.

"I have heard from Alhambra; he has been wandering about in all directions. He has been to the Lakes, and is now at Edinburgh. He likes Southey. He gave the laureate a quantity of hints for his next volume of the Peninsular War, but does not speak very warmly of Wordsworth: gentlemanly man, but only reads his own poetry. I made him promise to go and see De Quincy; and, like a good boy, he did; but he says he 's a complete humbug. What can he mean? He stayed some days at Sir Walter's, and met Tom Moore. Singular, that our three great poets should be together this summer! He speaks in raptures of the great Baronet, and of the beauties of Abbotsford. He met Moore again in Edinburgh, and was present at the interview between him and Hogg. Lalla Rookh did not much like being called

'Tam Muir,' and rather kicked at the shepherd.

"Edinburgh is more delightful than you can possibly conceive. I certainly intend to go next summer. Alhambra is very intimate with John Wilson, who seems indeed a first rate fellow, full of fun and genius; and quite as brilliant a hand at a comic song, as at a tragic drama. Do you know it struck me the other day, that comic songs and tragedies are 'the lights and shadows' of literature. Pretty idea, is it not?

"Here has been a cousin of yours about us; a young barrister going the circuit; by name, Hargrave Grey. The name attracted my notice, and due enquiries having been made, and satisfactorily answered, I patronised the limb of law. Fortunate for him! I got him to all the fancy balls and pic nics that were going on. He was in heaven for a fortnight, and at length, having overstaid his time, he left us, also leaving

his bag, and only brief behind him. They say he's ruined for life. Write soon.

"Your's ever,

"CYNTHIA COURTOWN."

Ernest Clay, Esq., to Vivian Grey, Esq.

"DEAR GREY! October, — 18—

"I am sick of key-bugles and country balls! All the girls in the town are in love with me—or my foraging cap. I am very much obliged to you for your letter to Kennet, which procured every thing I wanted. The family turned out *bores*, as you had prepared me. I never met such a clever family in my life; the father is summoning up courage to favour the world with a volume of sermons; both the sons have had sonnets refused by the London magazines; and Isabella Kennet most satisfactorily proved to me, after an argument of two hours, which for courtesy's sake, I fought very man-

fully, that Sir Walter Scott was not the author of Waverly; and then she vowed, as I have heard fifty other young literary ladies vow before, that she had 'seen the Antiquary in manuscript.'

"There has been a slight row to diversify the monotony of our military life. Young Premium, the son of the celebrated loan-monger, has bought in; and Dormer Stanhope, and one or two others equally fresh, immediately anticipated another Battier business: but, with the greatest desire to make a fool of myself, I have a natural repugnance to mimicking the foolery of others; so with some little exertion, and very fortunately for young Premium, I got the tenth voted vulgar, on the score of curiosity, and we were civil to the man. As it turned out, it was all very well, for Premium is a quiet gentlemanly fellow enough, and exceedingly useful. He'll keep extra grooms for the whole mess, if they want it. He's very grateful

to me for what does not deserve any gratitude, and for what gave me no trouble; for I did not defend him from any feeling of kindness. And both the Mounteneys, and young Stapylton Toad, and Augustus, being in the regiment, why, I 've very little trouble in commanding a majority, if it comes to a division.

"I dined the other day at old Premium's, who lives near this town in a magnificent old hall; which, however, is not near splendid enough, for a man who is the creditor of every nation from California, to China; and, consequently, the great Mr. Stucco is building a plaster castle for him in another part of the park. Glad am I enough, that I was prevailed upon to patronize the Premium; for I think, I never witnessed a more singular scene than I did the day I dined there.

"I was ushered through an actual street of servitors, whose liveries were really cloth of gold, and whose elaborately powdered heads

would not have disgraced the most ancient mansion in St. James's Square, into a large and very crowded saloon. I was, of course, received with the most miraculous consideration; and the ear of Mrs. Premium seemed to dwell upon the jingling of my spurs, (for I am adjutant,) as upon the most exquisite music. It was *bona fide* evidence of 'the officers being there.' She 'll now be visited by the whole county.

Premium is a short, but by no means vulgar looking man, about fifty, with a high forehead covered with wrinkles, and with eyes deep sunk in his head. I never met a man of apparently less bustle, and of a cooler temperament. He was an object of observation from his very unobtrusiveness. There were, I immediately perceived, a great number of foreigners in the room. They looked much too knowing for Arguelles and Co., and I soon found that they were members of the different embassies, or missions of the various Governments, to whose

infant existence Premium is foster-father. There were two very striking figures in Oriental costume, who were shown to me as the Greek Deputies—not that you are to imagine that they always appear in this picturesque dress. It was only as a particular favour, and to please Miss Premium;—there, Grey, my boy! there's a quarry!—that the illustrious envoys appeared, habited, this day in their national costume.

"Oh! Grey, you would have enjoyed the scene. In one part of the room was a naval officer, just hot from the mines of Mexico, and lecturing eloquently on the passing of the Cordillera. In another was a man of science, dilating on the miraculous powers of a newly-discovered amalgamation process, to a knot of merchants, who, with bent brows and eager eyes, were already forming a Company for its adoption. Here floated the latest anecdote of Bolivar; and there a murmur of some new

movement of Cochrane's. And then the perpetual babble about 'rising states,' and 'new loans,' and 'enlightened views,' and 'juncture of the two oceans,' and 'liberal principles,' and 'steam boats to Mexico;' and the earnest look which every one had in the room. Oh! how different to the vacant gaze that we have been accustomed to! I was really particularly struck by this circumstance. Every one at Premium's looked full of some great plan; as if the fate of empires was on his very breath. I hardly knew whether they were most like conspirators, or gamblers, or the lions of a public dinner, conscious of an universal gaze, and consequently looking proportionately interesting. One circumstance particularly struck me: as I was watching the acute countenance of an individual, who, young Premium informed me, was the Chilian minister, and who was listening with great attention to a dissertation from Captain Tropic, the celebrated

traveller, on the feasibility of a rail road over the Andes—I observed a very great sensation among all those around me; every one shifting, and shuffling, and staring, and assisting in that curious, and confusing ceremony, called *making way*. Even Premium appeared a little excited, when he came forward with a smile on his face to receive an individual, apparently a foreigner, and who stepped on with great, though gracious dignity. Being very curious to know who this great man was, I found that this was an *ambassador*—the representative of a recognised state.

"'Pon my honour, when I saw all this, I could not refrain from moralizing on the magic of wealth, and when I just remember the embryo plot of some young Huzzar Officers to *cut* the son of the magician, I rather smiled; but while I, with even greater reverence than all others, was making way *for his Excellency*, I observed Mrs. Premium looking at my spurs—

'Farewell Philosophy!' thought I, 'Puppyism for ever!'

"Dinner was at last announced, and the nice etiquette which was observed between *recognised* states, and *non-recognised* states, was really excessively amusing: not only the ambassador would take precedence of the mere political agent, but his Excellency's private secretary was equally tenacious as to the agent's private secretary. At length we were all seated:—the spacious dining-room was hung round with portraits of most of the *successful* revolutionary leaders, and over Mr. Premium was suspended a magnificent portrait of Bolivar. Oh! Grey, if you could but have seen the plate! By Jove! I have eaten off the silver of most of the first families in England, yet, never in my life, did it enter into my imagination, that it was possible for the most ingenious artist that ever existed, to repeat a crest half so often in a table spoon, as in that of Premium. The

crest is a bubble, and really the effect produced by it is most ludicrous.

"I was very much struck at table, by the appearance of an individual who came in very late, but who was evidently, by his bearing, no insignificant personage. He was a tall man, with a long hooked nose, and high-cheek-bones, and with an eye—(were you ever at the Old Bailey? there you may see its fellow); his complexion looked as if it had been accustomed to the breezes of many climes, and his hair, which had once been red, was now silvered, or rather iron-greyed, not by age. Yet there was in his whole bearing, in his slightest actions, even in the easy, desperate, air with which he took a glass of wine, an indefinable—something, (you know what I mean,) which attracted your unremitting attention to him. I was not wrong in my suspicions of his celebrity; for, as Miss Premium, whom I sat next to, (eh! Grey, my boy, how are you? ''tis a very fine thing for a

father-in-law,' &c. &c.) whispered, 'he was quite a lion.' It was Lord Oceanville. What he is after, no one knows. Some say he's going to Greece, others whisper an invasion of Paraguay, and others of course say other things; perhaps equally correct. I think he's for Greece. I know he's the most extraordinary man I ever met with. I'm getting prosy. Good bye! Write soon. Any fun going on? How is Cynthia? I ought to have written. How's Mrs. Felix Lorraine? she's a d———d odd woman!

"Your's faithfully,

"Ernest Clay."

Mr. Daniel Groves, to Vivian Grey, Esq.

"Sir,

"I have just seen Sir Hanway, who gave me a letter from you, requesting me to furnish you with my ideas on the state of the agricultural

interest; and to think of John Conyers for the farm of Maresfield, now vacant.

"With respect to the former, I can't help thinking Ministers remarkable wrong on the point of the game laws particularly, to say nothing of the duty on felled timber, malt, and brown mustard. 'Tayn't the greatness of the duty that makes the increase of the revenue. That 's my maxim.

"As for Maresfield, I certainly had an eye to it for my second son, William, as my mistress says, he 's now getting fittish to look out for himself in the world;—and then there 's my nephew at Edgecombe, the son of my sister Mary, who married one of the Wrights at Upton, and I always promised old Mr. Wright to see Tom well done by. That 's the ground I stand upon. But, certainly, to oblige your honour, I can't say but what I 'll think of it.

"Sir Hanway says, Conyers told him that White-footed Moll died on Wednesday. She

was, as your honour always said, a pretty creature. Talking of this, puts me in mind, that if your honour comes in for Mounteney, which they 're talking of in these parts, I hope you 'll say something about the tax on cart-horses. This is the ground I stand upon—if a gentleman keeps a horse for pleasure, it 's only right Government should have the benefit; but when it 's to promote the agricultural interest, my maxim is, it 's remarkable wrong to tax 'em all promiscuous.

"As for Conyers, I can't help thinking his cottage might be removed: it stands in the midst of one of the finest pieces of corn-land in this country; and I said so the other day to Mr. Stapylton Toad, but he 's not a man as 'll take advice. That Maresfield Farm is a nice bit for game, as I believe your honour well knows. I took out Snowball, and Negro, the other morning, with young Fletcher of Upton —he 's the third cousin of old Mrs. Wright's

sister-in-law's niece—we coursed three hares, and killed one just opposite Gunter's on the hill, who 's a bit of a relation again on my wife's side; so I just looked in and took a crust of bread and cheese, for civility costs nothing—that 's my maxim.

"The new Beer bill is felt a grievance.—John Sandys says as my men won't be satisfied with less than ten strike to the hogshead; this is remarkable wrong. So you may make your mind easy about John Conyers: I 've been talking to my mistress, and the upshot of it is, that I'll take my old horse and ride over to Stapylton Toad, and settle with him about the removal; and if I can give you any more information on this point, or any thing else relating to our part of the world, or the corn-laws in general, I shall be very happy to remain

"Your honour's obedient servant,

"DANIEL GROVES.

"P. S. The half pipe of Port wine I told you of is come in, and I think it promises to be as good, sterling, stuff as ever you need wish to taste—some *body* in it—none of your French vinegary slip-slop. Depend on't, Port's the wine for Englishmen—there's some stamina in it: that's the ground I stand upon."

Hargrave Grey, Esq., to Vivian Grey, Esq.

"DEAR VIVIAN, October —, 18—

"You ought not to expect a letter from me. I cannot conceive why you do not occasionally answer your correspondent's letters, if correspondents they may be called. It is really a most unreasonable habit of yours; any one but myself would quarrel with you.

"A letter from Baker met me at this place, and I find that the whole of that most disagreeable, and annoying, business is arranged. From the promptitude, skill, and energy, which

are apparent in the whole affair, I suspect I have to thank the very gentleman, whom I was just going to quarrel with. You're a good fellow, Vivian, after all. For want of a brief, I sit down to give you a sketch of my adventures on this, my first, circuit.

"This circuit is a cold, and mercantile adventure, and I'm disappointed in it. Not so either, for I looked for but little to enjoy. Take one day of my life as a specimen; the rest are mostly alike. The sheriff's trumpets are playing,—one, some tune of which I know nothing, and the other no tune at all. I'm obliged to turn out at eight. It is the first day of the Assize, so there is some chance of a brief, being a new place. I push my way into court through files of attorneys, as civil to the rogues as possible, assuring them there is plenty of room, though I am at the very moment gasping for breath, wedged in, in a lane of well-lined waistcoats. I get into court,

take my place in the quietest corner, and there I sit, and pass other men's fees and briefs like a twopenny postman, only without pay. Well! 'tis six o'clock—dinner-time—at the bottom of the table—carve for all—speak to none—nobody speaks to me—must wait till last to sum up, and pay the bill. Reach home quite devoured by spleen, after having heard every one abused, who happened to be absent.

"You wished me many briefs, but only one of your wishes has come to pass, and that at this place; but I flatter myself I got up the law of the case in a most masterly style; and I am sure you will allow me to be capable of so doing, when I relate the particulars:—

"Indictment states, that prisoner on, &c., at, &c., from out of a certain larder, stole a pork pie.

"2d. count—a meat pie.

"3d. count—a pie in general.

"The great question was, whether the offence

was complete or not, the *felon* not having carried it out of the larder, but only conveyed it into his own pocket:—that is, all he could not eat.

"Plea:—he was hungry.

"Per Bolter Baron.—'He must not satisfy his appetite at another person's expense; so let him be whipped, and discharged; and let the treasurer of the county pay the expenses of this prosecution.' Which were accordingly allowed, to the amount of something under fifty pounds.

"Don't turn up the whites of your eyes, Vivian; and, in the fulness of your indignation, threaten us with all the horrors of parliamentary interference. The fact is; on this circuit, to judge of the number of offences tried, such a theft is as enormous as a burglary, with one or two throats cut, in London; for pork pies are the staple of the county; and they export them by canal, to all parts of the world, where-

to the canals run, which the natives imagine to be to parts beyond seas at least.

"I travelled to this place with Manners, whom I believe you know, and amused myself by getting from him an account of my fellows, anticipating, at the same time, what in fact happened;—to wit, that I should afterwards get his character from them. It is strange how freely they deal with each other—that is, the person spoken of being away. I would not have had you see our Stanhope for half a hundred pounds; your jealousy would have been so excited. To say the truth, we are a little rough,—our mane wants pulling, and our hoofs trimming, but we jog along without performing either operation: and, by dint of rattling the whip against the splash-board, using all one's persuasion of hand and voice, and jerking the bit in his mouth, we do contrive to get into the circuit town, usually, just about the time that the sheriff and his *posse comitatus* are starting

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to meet my Lord, the King's Justice:—and that is the worst of it; for their horses are prancing and pawing coursers just out of the stable,—sleek skins, and smart drivers. We begin to be knocked up just then, and our appearance is the least brilliant of any part of the day. Here I had to pass through a host of these powdered, scented fops; and the multitude who had assembled to gaze on the nobler exhibition, rather scoffed at our humble vehicle. As Manners had just then been set down to find the inn, and lodging, I could not jump out, and leave our equipage to its fate, so I settled my cravat, and seemed not to mind it—only I *did.*

"Manners has just come in, and insists upon my going to the theatre with him. I shall keep this back another post, to tell you whether I receive another letter from Baker, at ———d.

19th.

"No letter from Baker, but I find it so

dull sitting in court with nothing to do, that I shall trouble you with a few more lines from myself. The performance last night was rather amusing: Romeo and Juliet turned into a melo-drame, to suit the taste of the vicinity. The nasal tones of Juliet's voice in the love-scenes, must have been peculiarly moving to any Romeo, but to that for whom they were intended they seemed so much in earnest, that he must have been quite enraptured. There were no half meetings. Juliet entered fully into the feeling of the poet; and hung about his neck, and kissed his lips—all like life, to the great edification of the audience assembled; which, as it was assize week, was a very brilliant one. In such a company, there must necessarily be economy used in the actors and actresses. Thus, as Mercutio is killed off in the first act, he afterwards performs the Friar, and the Friar himself figures as the chief dancer in the masquerade: but I was most charmed at

discovering Juliet's nasal tones in her own dirge—a wonderful idea, never before introduced on any stage. I was led to make this discovery, not merely by the fact of her voice being undisguised, but from an unfortunate accident which occurred at the funeral. As the deceased heroine was a chief mourner, her beloved corpse had to be performed by a bundle of rags, or something of the kind, laid upon a sort of school form, and carried by herself and five other ladies in white:—so, as the music was rather quick, and the mourners had to perform *pas de zephyr* all round the stage, and Juliet did not keep very good time, while the virgins on one side were standing on their left legs towards the audience, as nearly in a horizontal posture as possible; the daughter of Capulet, and her battalion, began performing on the wrong leg, and in the consequent scuffle, the bier overturned! The accident, however, was

speedily rectified, and the procession moved on to the music of two fiddles and one bell. Juliet's tomb was a snug little parlour with blue pannels, and Romeo drank gin instead of poison, which Shakspeare must have surely intended, or else it was quite out of nature to make Juliet exclaim, 'What, churl! not left one drop!'

"But I must leave off this nonsense, and attend to his Lordship's charge, which is now about to commence. I have not been able to get you a single good murder, although I have kept a sharp look out as you desired me; but there is a chance of a first-rate one at ——
—n.

"I am quite delighted with Mr. Justice St. Prose. He is at this moment in a most entertaining passion, preparatory to a "*conscientious*" summing up; and in order that his ideas may not be disturbed, he has very liberally

ordered the door-keeper to have the door oiled immediately, *at his own expence.* Now for my Lord, the King's justice.

" 'Gentlemen of the Jury!'

" 'The noise is insufferable—the heat is intolerable—the door-keepers let the people keep shuffling in—the ducks in the corner are going quack, quack, quack—here 's a little girl being tried for her life, and the judge can't hear a word that 's said. Bring me my black cap, and I 'll condemn her to death instantly.'

" 'You can't, my Lord,' shrieks the infant sinner; 'it 's only for petty larceny!'

" This is agreeable, is it not? but let us see what the next trial will produce:—this was an action of trespass, for breaking off the pump handle, knocking down the back kitchen door, spitting on the parlour carpet, and tumbling the maid's head about.

"Plea.—That the defendants, eight in number, entered in aid of the constable, under warrant of a magistrate, to search for stolen goods.

"John Staff, examined by Mr. Shuffleton.

"'Well, Mr. Constable, what have you to say bout this affair?'

"'Why, Sir, I charged them men to assist me in the King's name.'

"'What, eight of you? why, there was only an old woman, and a boy, and the servant girl in the house. You must have been terribly frightened at them, eh?'

"'Can't say for that, Sir, only they was needful.'

"'Why, what could you want so many for?'

"'Why, you see, Sir, I couldn't read the warrant myself, so I charged Abraham Lockit to read it for me; and when he came, he said as it was Squire Jobson's writing, and so he could not; and then I had occasion to charge Simon Lockit, and he read it.'

" 'Well, that's only two: what were the rest for?'

" 'Why, your honour, they was to keep the women quiet.'

" Mr. Justice St. Prose.—'Take care what you're about, witness. I consider it my duty to advise you not to laugh; it is, in my opinion, a contempt of court, and I therefore desire you to restrain yourself.'

" Mr. Shuffleton.—'But you haven't told me why you wanted these other six men?'

" 'Why, the women, d'ye see, Sir, was so very unruly in the kitchen; and so I charged them to keep 'em quiet.'

" 'Now, Sir, what do you call keeping the women quiet, pulling the maid's cap off, and—?'

" Mr. Justice St. Prose. (To a person opposite.)—'You'll excuse me, Sir, but I think that those two little gentlemen had better leave the court, till this examination is over.'

" His Lordship 'thought it his duty' to give

a similar warning to two very pretty young ladies in pink bonnets and green pelisses. They were, however, so obstinate as to remain in court, until they had heard the whole circumstantial, and improper, evidence, of the destruction of the maid's cap. When it was all over, his Lordship once more fixed his large eyes on the constable, and thus delivered himself:—

" 'Now, Mr. Constable, to remove the sting of any remark which may have dropped from me during this trial, I will allow that, very probably, you had reason to laugh.'—Mr. Constable looked quite relieved.

" By way of variety, I will give you a specimen of his Lordship's style of cross-examination.

" Enter a witness, with a flourishing pair of whiskers, approximating to a King Charles.

" Mr. Justice St. Prose.—' Pray, Sir, *who* are you?'

" Whiskered Witness.—' An architect, my Lord.'

"Mr. J. St. Prose.—'An architect! Sir; are you not in the army?'

"W. W. (agitated.)—'No, my Lord.'

"Mr. J. St. Prose.—'Never were?'

"W. W. (much browbeat.) — 'No, my Lord.'

"Mr. J. St. Prose.—'Then, Sir, what right have you to wear those whiskers? I consider that you can't be a respectable young man, and I shan't allow you your expenses.'

"I have just got an invite from the Kearneys. Congratulate me.

"Dear Vivian, your's faithfully,

"HARGRAVE GREY."

Lady Scrope to Vivian Grey, Esq.

Ormsby Park, Oct. —, 18—

"MY DEAR VIVIAN,

"By desire of Sir Berdmore, (is not this pretty and proper?) I have to request the

fulfilment of a promise, upon the hope of which being performed, I have existed through this dull month. Pray, my dear Vivian, come to us immediately. Ormsby has at present little to offer for your entertainment. We have had that unendurable bore, Vivacity Dull, with us for a whole fortnight. A report of the death of the Lord Chancellor, or a rumour of the production of a new tragedy, has carried him up to town; but whether it be to ask for the seals, or to indite an ingenious prologue to a play which will be condemned the first night, I cannot inform you. I am quite sure he is capable of doing either. However, we shall have other deer in a few days.

"I believe you have never met the Mounteneys—no, I'm sure you have not. They have never been at Hallesbrooke, since you have been at Desir. They are coming to us immediately. I am sure you will like them very much. Lord Mounteney is one of those

kind, easy-minded, accomplished men, who, after all, are nearly the pleasantest society one ever meets. Rather wild in his youth, but with his estate now unincumbered, and himself perfectly domestic. His lady is an unaffected, agreeable woman. But it is Caroline Mounteney whom I wish you particularly to meet. She is one of those delicious creatures who, in spite of not being married, are actually conversable. Spirited, without any affectation or *brusquerie;* beautiful, and knowing enough to be quite conscious of it; and perfectly accomplished, and yet never annoying you with tattle about Bochsa, and Ronzi de Begnis, and D'Egville.

"We also expect the Delmonts, the most endurable of the Anglo-Italians that I know. Mrs. Delmont is not always dropping her handkerchief like Lady Gusto, as if she expected a miserable *cavalier servente* to be constantly upon his knees, or giving those odious expres-

sive looks, which quite destroy my nerves whenever I am under the same roof as that horrible Lady Soprano. There is a little too much talk, to be sure, about Roman churches, and newly-discovered Mosaics, and Abbate Maii, but still we cannot expect perfection. There are reports going about that Ernest Clay is either ruined, going to be married, or about to write a novel. Perhaps all are true. Young Premium has nearly lost his character, by driving a square-built, striped green thing, drawn by one horse. Ernest Clay got him through this terrible affair. What can be the reasons of the Sieur Ernest's excessive amiability?

"Both the young Mounteneys are with their regiment, but Aubrey Vere is coming to us, and I've half a promise from ———; but I know you never speak to unmarried men, so why do I mention them? Let me, I beseech you, my dear Vivian, have a few days

of you to myself, before Ormsby is full, and before you are introduced to Caroline Mounteney. I did not think it was possible that I could exist so long without seeing you; but you really must not try me too much, or I shall quarrel with you. I have received all your letters, which are very, very agreeable; but I think rather, rather impudent. If you don't behave better, I shan't pet you—I shan't indeed; so do not put off coming a single moment. Adieu!

"HARRIETTE SCROPE."

Horace Grey, Esq., to Vivian Grey, Esq.

Paris, Oct. 18—.

"MY DEAR VIVIAN.

"I have received your last letter, and have read it with mixed feelings of astonishment, and sorrow.

"You are now, my dear son, a member of what is called, *le grand monde*—society formed

on anti-social principles. Apparently, you have possessed yourself of the object of your wishes; but the scenes you live in are very moveable; the characters you associate with are all masked; and it will always be doubtful, whether you can retain that long, which has been obtained by some slippery artifice. Vivian, you are a juggler; and the deceptions of your slight-of-hand tricks depend upon instantaneous motions.

"When the selfish combine with the selfish, bethink you how many projects are doomed to disappointment! how many cross interests baffle the parties, at the same time joined together without ever uniting. What a mockery is their love! but how deadly are their hatreds! All this great society, with whom so young an adventurer has trafficked, abate nothing of their price in the slavery of their service, and the sacrifice of violated feelings. What sleepless nights has it cost you to win over the disobliged, to conciliate the discontented, to cajole

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the contumacious! You may smile at the hollow flatteries, answering to flatteries as hollow, which, like bubbles when they touch, dissolve into nothing: but tell me, Vivian, what has the self-tormentor felt at the laughing treacheries, which force a man down into self-contempt?

"Is it not obvious, my dear Vivian, that true Fame, and true Happiness, must rest upon the imperishable social affections? I do not mean that coterie celebrity, which paltry minds accept as fame, but that which exists independent of the opinions, or the intrigues of individuals; nor do I mean that glittering show of perpetual converse with the world, which some miserable wanderers call Happiness; but that which can only be drawn from the sacred and solitary fountain of your own feelings.

Active as you have now become in the great scenes of human affairs, I would not have you be guided by any fanciful theories of morals, or of human nature. Philosophers have amused

themselves by deciding on human actions by systems; but, as these systems are of the most opposite natures, it is evident that each philosopher, in reflecting his own feelings in the system he has so elaborately formed, has only painted his own character.

"Do not, therefore, conclude with Hobbes and Mandeville, that man lives in a state of civil warfare with man; nor with Shaftesbury, adorn with a poetical philosophy our natural feelings. Man is neither the vile, nor the excellent being which he sometimes imagines himself to be. He does not so much act by system, as by sympathy. If this creature cannot always feel for others, he is doomed to feel for himself; and the vicious are, at least, blessed with the curse of remorse.

"You are now inspecting one of the worst portions of society, in what is called the great world; (St. Giles' is bad, but of another kind;) and it may be useful, on the principle, that the

actual sight of brutal ebriety was supposed to have inspired youth with the virtue of temperance; on the same principle, that the Platonist, in the study of deformity, conceived the beautiful. Let me warn you not to fall into the usual error of youth, in fancying that the circle you move in is precisely the world itself. Do not imagine that there are not other beings, whose benevolent principle is governed by finer sympathies; by more generous passions; and by those nobler emotions, which really constitute all our public and private virtues. I give you this hint, lest, in your present society, you might suppose these virtues were merely historical.

"Once more, I must beseech you, not to give loose to any elation of mind. The machinery by which you have attained this unnatural result, must be so complicated, that in the very tenth hour, you will find yourself stopped in some part where you never counted on an im-

pediment; and the want of a slight screw, or a little oil, will prevent you from accomplishing your magnificent end.

"We are, and have been, very dull here. There is every probability of Madam de Genlis writing more volumes than ever. I called on the old lady, and was quite amused with the enthusiasm of her imbecility. Chateaubriand is getting what you call *a bore;* and the whole city is mad about a new opera by Boieldieu. Your mother sends her love, and desires me to say, that the *salmi* of woodcocks, *à la Lucullus*, which you write about, does not differ from the practice here in vogue; but we have been much pleased with ducks, with olive sauce, about which she particularly wishes to consult you. How does your cousin Hargrave prosper on his circuit? The Delmingtons are here, which makes it very pleasant for your mother, as well as for myself; for it allows me to hunt over the old bookshops at my leisure. There are no

new books worth sending you, or they would accompany this; but I would recommend you to get Meyer's new volume from Treüttel and Wurtz, and continue to make notes as you read it. Give my compliments to the Marquess, and believe me

"Your most affectionate father,

"HORACE GREY."

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEPARTURE.

It was impossible for any human being to behave with more kindness than the Marquess of Carabas did to Vivian Grey, after that young gentleman's short conversation with Mrs. Felix Lorraine, in the conservatory. The only feeling which seemed to actuate the peer, was an eager desire to compensate, by his present conduct, for any past misunderstanding, and he loaded his young friend with all possible favour. Still Vivian was about to quit Château Desir, and in spite of all that had passed, he was extremely loth to leave his noble friend under the guardianship of his female one.

About this time, the Duke and Duchess of Juggernaut, the very pink of aristocracy, the wealthiest, the proudest, the most ancient, and most pompous couple in Christendom, honoured Château Desir with their presence for two days; *only two days*, making the Marquess's mansion a convenient resting-place in one of their princely progresses, to one of their princely castles.

Vivian contrived to gain the heart of her Grace, by his minute acquaintance with the Juggernaut pedigree; and having taken the opportunity, in one of their conversations, to describe Mrs. Felix Lorraine as the most perfect specimen of divine creation with which he was acquainted, at the same time the most amusing, and the most amiable of women, that lady was honoured with an invitation to accompany her Grace to HIMALAYA CASTLE. As this was the greatest of all possible honours, and as Desir was now very dull, Mrs. Felix Lorraine accepted the invitation, or rather, obeyed the

command, for the Marquess would not hear of a refusal, Vivian having dilated, in the most energetic terms, on the opening which now presented itself of gaining the Juggernaut. The coast being thus cleared, Vivian set off the next day for Sir Berdmore Scrope's.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

VIVIAN GREY.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAP. I.

THE PARKS.

THE important time drew nigh. Christmas was to be passed by the Carabas family, the Beaconsfields, the Scropes, and the Clevelands, at Lord Courtown's villa at Richmond; at which place, on account of its vicinity to the Metropolis, the Viscount had determined *to make out* the holidays, notwithstanding the Thames entered his kitchen windows, and the

Donna del Lago was acted in the theatre with real water,—Cynthia Courtown performing Elena, paddling in a punt.

"Let us order our horses, Cleveland, round to the Piccadilly gate, and walk through the Guards. I must stretch my legs. That bore, Horace Buttonhole, captured me in Pall-Mall East, and has kept me in the same position for upwards of half an hour. I shall make a note to blackball him at the Athenæum. How's Mrs. Cleveland?"

"Extremely well. She goes down to Buckhurst Lodge with the Marchioness. Isn't that Lord Lowersdale?"

"His very self. He's going to call on Vivida Vis, I've no doubt. Lowersdale is a man of very considerable talent—much more than the world gives him credit for."

"And he doubtless finds a very able counsellor in Monsieur le Sécrétaire?"

"Can you name a better one?"

"You rather patronize Vivida, I think, Grey?"

"Patronize him! he's my political pet!"

"And yet Kerrison tells me, you reviewed the Suffolk Papers in the Edinburgh."

"So I did—what of that? I defended them in Blackwood."

"This, then, is the usual method of you literary gentlemen. Thank God! I never could write a line."

"York House rises proudly—if York House be its name."

"This confounded Catholic Question is likely to give us a great deal of trouble, Grey. It's perfect madness for us to advocate the cause of the 'six millions of hereditary bondsmen;' and yet, with not only the Marchese, but even Courtown and Beaconsfield *committed*, it is, to say the least, a very delicate business."

"Very delicate, certainly; but there are *some* precedents, I shrewdly suspect, Cleve-

land, for the influence of a party being opposed to measures, which the heads of that party had pledged themselves to adopt."

"Does old Gifford still live at Pimlico, Grey?"

"Still."

"He's a splendid fellow, after all."

"Certainly, a mind of great powers—but bigotted."

"Oh! yes—I know exactly what you're going to say. It's the fashion, I'm aware, to abuse the old gentleman. He's the Earl of Eldon of literature;—not the less loved, because a little vilified. But, when I just remember what Gifford has done—when I call to mind the perfect and triumphant success of every thing he has undertaken—the Anti-Jacobin—the Baviad and Mæviad—the Quarterly—all palpable hits—on the very jugular—upon my honour, I hesitate before I speak of William Gifford in any other terms, or in any other

spirit, than those of admiration and of gratitude.

"And to think, Grey, that the Tory administration, and the Tory party of Great Britain, should never, by a single act, or in one single instance, have indicated, that they were in the least aware, that the exertions of such a man differed in the slightest degree from those of Hunt and Hone!—Oh! Grey, of all the delusions which flourish in this mad world, the delusion of that man is the most frantic, who voluntarily, and of his own accord, supports the interest of a party. I mention this to you, because it is the rock on which all young politicians strike. Fortunately, you enter life under different circumstances from those which usually attend most political debutants. You have your connexions formed, and your views ascertained. But if, by any chance, you find yourself independent and unconnected, never, for a moment, suppose that you can accomplish your

objects by coming forward, unsolicited, to fight the battle of a party. They will cheer your successful exertions, and then smile at your youthful zeal—or, crossing themselves for the unexpected succour, be too cowardly to reward their unexpected champion. No, Grey; make them *fear* you,—and they will kiss your feet. There is no act of treachery, or meanness, of which a political party is not capable;—for in politics there is no honour.

"As to Gifford, I am surprised at their conduct towards him,—although I know better than most men, of what wood a minister is made, and how much reliance may be placed upon the gratitude of a party: but Canning—from Canning I certainly did expect different conduct."

"Oh, Canning! I love the man: but, as you say, Cleveland, ministers have short memories, and Canning's—that was Antilles that just passed us; apropos to whom, I quite rejoice

that the Marquess has determined to take such a decided course on the West India Question."

"Oh, yes! curse your East India sugar."

"To be sure—slavery, and sweetmeats, for ever!"

"I was always for the West India interest, from a boy, Grey. I had an aunt who was a Creole, and who used to stuff me with guava jelly, and small delicate limes, that looked, for all the world, like emeralds powdered with diamond dust."

"Pooh! my dear Cleveland, they shouldn't have looked like any such thing. What your Creole aunt gave you must have been *candied*. The delicate fruit should swim in an ocean of clarified sugar."

"I believe you're right, Grey: I sacrificed truth to a trope. Do you like the Barbados ginger?"

"If it is mild, and of a pale golden colour.

How delicious the Bourdeaux flows after it! Oh! the West India interest for ever!"

"But, aside with joking, Grey, I really think, that if any man of average ability dare rise in the House, and rescue many of the great questions of the day from what Dugald Stuart, or D'Israeli would call the spirit of *Political Religionism*, with which they are studiously mixed up, he would not fail to make a great impression upon the House, and a still greater one upon the country."

"I quite agree with you; and certainly I should recommend commencing with the West India Question. Singular state of affairs! when even Canning can only insinuate his opinion, when the very existence of some of our most valuable colonies is at stake, and when even his insinuations are only indulged with an audience, on the condition that he favours the House with an introductory discourse of twenty minutes on 'the divine Author of our faith'—and an

éloge of equal length on the *esprit du Christianisme*, in a style worthy of Chateaubriand."

" Miserable work, indeed! I have got a pamphlet on the West India Question sent me this morning. Do you know any raving lawyer, any mad Master in Chancery, or something of the kind, who meddles in these affairs?"

" Oh! Stephen! a puddle in a storm! He's for a crusade for the regeneration of the Antilles—the most forcible of feebles—the most energetic of drivellers,—Velluti acting Pietro L' Eremita."

" Do you know, by any chance, whether Southey's Vindiciæ is out yet? I wanted to look it over during the holidays."

" Not out—though it has been advertised some time: but what do you expect?"

" Nay! it's an interesting controversy, as controversies go. Not exactly Milton, and Salmasius—but fair enough."

" Oh! I don't know. It has long degene-

rated into a mere personal bickering between the Laureate and Butler. Southey is, of course, revelling in the idea of writing an English work with a Latin title; and that, perhaps, is the only circumstance for which the controversy is prolonged."

"But Southey, after all, is a man of splendid talents."

"Doubtless—the most philosophical of bigots, and the most poetical of prose writers."

"Apropos to the Catholic Question—there goes Colonial Bother'em, trying to look like Prince Metternich;—a decided failure."

"What can keep him in town?"

"Writing letters, I suppose. Heaven preserve me from receiving any of them!"

"Is it true, then, that his letters are of the awful length that is whispered?"

"True! Oh! they're something beyond all conception! Perfect epistolary Boa Constrictors. I speak with feeling, for I have myself suffered under their voluminous windings."

"Have you seen his quarto volume—'The Cure for the Catholic Question?'"

"Yes."

"If you have it, lend it to me. What kind of thing is it?"

"Oh! what should it be!—ingenious, and imbecile. He advises the Catholics, in the old nursery language, to behave like good boys —to open their mouths, and shut their eyes, and see what God will send them."

"Well, that's the usual advice. Is there nothing more characteristic of the writer?"

"What think you of a proposition of making Jocky of Norfolk Patriarch of England, and of an ascertained *credo* for our Catholic fellow-subjects? Ingenious—isn't it?"

"Have you seen Puff's new volume of Ariosto?"

"I have. What could possibly have induced Mr. Parthenopex Puff to have undertaken such a duty? Mr. Puff is a man destitute of

poetical powers; possessing no vigour of language, and gifted with no happiness of expression. His translation is hard, dry, and husky, as the outside of a cocoa-nut. I am amused to see the excellent tact with which the public has determined not to read his volumes, in spite of the incessant exertions of a certain set to ensure their popularity; but the time has gone by, when the smug coterie could create a reputation."

"Do you think the time ever existed, Cleveland?"

"What could have seduced Puff into being so ambitious? I suppose his admirable knowledge of Italian; as if a man were entitled to strike a die for the new sovereign, merely because he was aware how much alloy might legally debase its carats of pure gold.

"I never can pardon Puff for that little book on Cats. The idea was admirable; but, instead of one of the most delightful volumes that ever

appeared, to take up a dull, tame, compilation from Bingley's Animal Biography !"

"Yes! and the impertinence of dedicating such a work to the Officers of His Majesty's Household Troops! Considering the quarter from whence it proceeded, I certainly did not expect much, but still I thought that there was to be some little *esprit.* The poor Guards! how nervous they must have been at the announcement! What could have been the point of that dedication ?"

"I remember a most interminable proser, that was blessed with a very sensible-sounding voice, and who, on the strength of that, and his correct and constant emphases, was considered by the world, for a great time, as a sage. At length it was discovered that he was quite the reverse. Mr. Puff's wit is very like this man's wisdom. You take up one of his little books, and you fancy, from its title-page, that it's going to be very witty; as you

proceed, you begin to suspect that the man is only a wag, and then, surprised at not "seeing the point," you have a shrewd suspicion that he is a great hand at dry humour. It is not till you have closed the volume, that you wonder who it is, that has had the hardihood to intrude such imbecility upon an indulgent world."

"Come, come! Mr. Puff is a worthy gentleman. Let him cease to dusk the radiancy of Ariosto's sunny stanzas, and I shall be the first man who will do justice to his merits. He certainly tattles prettily about tenses, and terminations, and is not an inelegant grammarian."

"Another failure among the booksellers to-day!"

"Indeed! Literature, I think, is at a low ebb."

"Certainly. There is nothing like a fall of stocks to affect what it is the fashion to style the Literature of the present day—a fungus pro-

duction, which has flourished from the artificial state of our society—the mere creature of our imaginary wealth. Every body being very rich, has afforded to be very literary—books being considered a luxury almost as elegant and necessary as Ottomans, bonbons, and pier-glasses. Consols at 100 were the origin of all book societies. The Stockbrokers' ladies took off the quarto travels, and the hot-pressed poetry. They were the patronesses of your patent ink, and your wire wove paper. That is all passed. Twenty per cent. difference in the value of our public securities from this time last year—that little incident has done more for the restoration of the old English feeling, than all the exertions of Church and State united. Oh! there is nothing like a fall in Consols to bring the blood of our good people of England into cool order. It 's your grand state medicine—your veritable Doctor Sangrado!

"A fall in stocks! and halt! to 'the spread

of knowledge!' and 'the progress of liberal principles' is like that of a man too late for post-horses. A fall in stocks! and where are your London Universities and your Mechanics' Institutes, and your new Docks? Where your philosophy, your philanthropy, and your competition? National prejudices revive, as national prosperity decreases. If the Consols were at sixty, we should be again bellowing, God save the King! eating roast beef and damning the French."

"And you imagine literature is equally affected, Grey?"

"Clearly. We were literary, because we were rich. Amid the myriad of volumes which issued monthly from the press, what one was not written for the mere hour? It is all very well to buy mechanical poetry, and historical novels, when our purses have a plethora; but now, my dear fellow, depend upon it, the game is up. We have no scholars now—no literary recluses—no men who ever appear to

think. 'Scribble, scribble, scribble,' as the Duke of Cumberland said to Gibbon, should be the motto of the mighty 'nineteenth century.'"

"Southey, I think, Grey, is an exception."

"By no means. Southey is a political writer—a writer for a particular purpose. All his works, from those in three volumes quarto, to those in one duodecimo, are alike political pamphlets. Sharon Turner, in his solitude, alone seems to have his eye upon Prince Posterity; but, as might be expected, the public consequently has not its eye upon Sharon Turner. Twenty years hence they may discover that they had a prophet among them, and knew him not."

"His history is certainly a splendid work, but little known. Lingard's, which in ten years time will not be known even by name, sells admirably, I believe."

"I was very much amused, Cleveland, with Allen's review of Lingard in the Edinburgh.

His opinion of 'the historian's' style—that it combined, at the same time, the excellencies of Gibbon, and Hume—was one of the most exquisite specimens of irony that, I think, I ever met with: it was worthy of former days. I was just going to give up the Edinburgh, when I read that sentence, and I continued it in consequence."

"We certainly want a master-spirit to set us right, Grey. Scott, our second Shakspeare, we, of course, cannot expect to step forward to direct the public mind. He is too much engaged in delighting it. Besides, he is not the man for it. He is not a *litterateur*. We want Byron."

"Ah! there was the man! And that such a man should be lost to us, at the very moment that he had begun to discover why it had pleased the Omnipotent to have endowed him with such powers!"

"If one thing was more characteristic of

Byron's mind than another, it was his strong, shrewd, common sense—his pure, unalloyed sagacity."

"You knew the glorious being, I think, Cleveland?"

"Well; I was slightly acquainted with him, when in England; slightly, however, for I was then very young. But many years afterwards I met him in Italy. It was at Pisa, just before he left for Genoa. I was then very much struck at the alteration in his appearance."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; his face was very much swollen, and he was getting fat. His hair was grey, and his countenance had lost that spiritual expression which it once so eminently possessed. His teeth were decaying; and he said, that if ever he came to England, it would be to consult Wayte about them. I certainly was very much struck at his alteration for the worse. Besides, he was dressed in the most extraordinary manner."

"Slovenly?"

"Oh! no, no, no—in the most dandified style that you can conceive; but not that of an English dandy either. He had on a magnificent foreign foraging cap, which he wore in the room, but his grey curls were quite perceptible; and a frogged surtout; and he had a large gold chain round his neck, and pushed into his waistcoat pocket. I imagined, of course, that a glass was attached to it; but I afterwards found that it bore nothing but a quantity of trinkets. He had also another gold chain tight round his neck, like a collar."

"How extraordinary! And did you converse much with him?"

"I was not long at Pisa, but we never parted, and there was only one subject of conversation—England, England, England. I never met a man in whom the *maladie du pays* was so strong. Byron was certainly at this time restless and discontented. He was tired

of his dragoon captains, and pensioned poetasters, and he dared not come back to England with, what he considered, a tarnished reputation. His only thought was of some desperate exertion to clear himself. It was for this he went to Greece. When I was with him, he was in correspondence with some friends in England, about the purchase of a large tract of land in Colombia. He affected a great admiration of Bolivar."

"Who, by the bye, is a great man."

"Assuredly."

"Your acquaintance with Byron must have been one of the most gratifying incidents of your life, Cleveland?"

"Certainly; I may say with Friar Martin, in Goetz of Berlichingen, 'The sight of him touched my heart. It is a pleasure to have seen a great man.'"

"Hobhouse was a very faithful friend to him?"

"His conduct has been beautiful—and Byron had a thorough affection for him in spite of a few squibs, and a few drunken speeches, which damned good-natured friends have always been careful to repeat."

"The loss of Byron can never be retrieved. He was indeed a man—*a real man;* and when I say this, I award him, in my opinion, the most splendid character which human nature need aspire to. At least, I, for my part, have no ambition to be considered either a divinity, or an angel; and truly, when I look round upon the creatures alike effeminate in mind and body, of which *the world* is, in general, composed, I fear that even my ambition is too exalted. Byron's mind was like his own ocean—sublime in its yesty madness—beautiful in its glittering summer brightness—mighty in the lone magnificence of its waste of waters—gazed upon from the magic of its own nature, yet capable of representing, but, as in a glass darkly, the

natures of all others. I say, Cleveland, here comes the greatest idiot in town; Craven Bucke. He came to me the other day complaining bitterly of the imperfections of Johnson's Dictionary. He had looked out *Doncaster St. Leger* in it, and couldn't find the word."

"How d'ye do, Bucke? you're just the man I wanted to meet. Make a note of it while I remember. There is an edition of Johnson just published, in which you'll find every single word you want. Now put it down at once. It's published under the title of John Bees' Slang Lexicon. Good b'ye! How's your brother? Pray, Cleveland, what do you think of Milman's 'new dramatic poem,' Anne Boleyn?"

"I think it's the dullest work on the Catholic Question that has yet appeared."

"Is it true, that Lockhart is going to have the Quarterly?"

"It was told me as a positive fact to-day. I believe it."

"Murray can't do better. It's absolutely necessary that he should do something. Lockhart is a man of prodigious talents. Do you know him?"

"Not in the least.—He certainly is a man of great powers, but I think rather too hot for the Quarterly."

"Oh! no, no, no—a little of the Albemarle Anti-attrition will soon cool the fiery wheels of his bounding chariot. Come! I see our horses."

"Hyde Park is greatly changed since I was a dandy, Vivian. Pray, do the Misses Otranto still live in that house?"

"Yes—blooming as ever."

"It's the fashion to abuse Horace Walpole, but I really think him one of the most delightful writers that ever existed. I wonder who is to be the Horace Walpole of the present century? some one perhaps we least suspect."

"Vivida Vis, think you?"

"More than probable. I'll tell you who

ought to be writing Memoirs—Lord Dropmore."

"Does my Lord Manfred keep his mansion there, next to the Misses Otranto?"

"I believe so, and lives there."

"I knew him in Germany—a singular man, and not understood. Perhaps he does not understand himself."

"I'll join you in an instant, Cleveland. I just want to speak one word to Master Osborne, who I see coming down here. Well, Osborne! I must come and knock you up one of these mornings. I've got a nice little commission for you from Lady Julia Knighton, which you must pay particular attention to."

"Well, Mr. Grey, how does Lady Julia like the bay mare?"

"Very much, indeed; but she wants to know what you've done about the chesnut?"

"Oh! put it off, Sir, in the prettiest style, on young Mr. Feoffment, who has just married,

and taken a house in Gower-street. He wanted a bit of blood—hopes he likes it!"

"Hopes he does, Jack. There's a particular favour which you can do me, Osborne, and which I'm sure you will. Ernest Clay—you know Ernest Clay—a most excellent fellow is Ernest Clay, you know, and a great friend of yours, Osborne;—I wish you'd just step down to Connaught Place, and look at those bays he bought of Harry Mounteney. He's in a little trouble, and we must do what we can for him—you know he's an excellent fellow, and a great friend of yours. Thank you, thank you—I knew you would. Good morning:—remember Lady Julia. So you really fitted young Feoffment with the chesnut. Well, that was admirable!—Good morning;—good morning."

"I don't know whether you care for these things at all, Cleveland, but Premium, a famous Millionaire, has gone this morning, for I

don't know how much! Half the new world will be ruined; and in this old one, a most excellent fellow, my friend Ernest Clay. He was engaged to Premium's daughter—his *dernière resource*; and now, of course, it's all up with him."

"I was at College with his brother, Augustus Clay. He's a nephew of Lord Mounteney's, is he not?"

"The very same. Poor fellow! I don't know what we must do for him. I think I shall advise him to change his name to Clay-*ville*; and if the world ask him the reason of the euphonious augmentation, why, he can swear that it was to distinguish himself from his brothers. Too many *roués* of the same name will never do.—And now spurs to our steeds, for we are going at least three miles out of our way, and I must collect my senses, and arrange my curls before dinner; for I have to flirt with, at least, three fair ones."

CHAPTER II.

DEVELOPEMENT OF THE PLOT.

THESE conversations play the very deuce with one's story. I had intended to have commenced this book with something quite terrific —a murder, or a marriage: and I find that all my great ideas have ended in a lounge. After all it is, perhaps, the most natural termination. In life surely, man is not always as monstrously busy, as he appears to be in novels and romances. We are not always in action—not always making speeches, or making money, or making war, or making love. Occasionally we talk,—about the weather, generally—sometimes about ourselves—

oftener about our friends—as often about our enemies—at least, those who have any; which, in my opinion, is the vulgarest of all possessions;—I have no enemies. Am I not an amiable fellow? At this moment, I am perfectly happy—am I not a lucky fellow?

And what is your situation, Mr. Felicity, you will ask? Have you just made a brilliant speech in the House? or have you negociated a great loan for a little nation? or have you touched, for the first time, some fair one's cheek? In short, what splendid juggle have you been successful in? Have you deluded your own country, or another? Have you deceived another's heart—or, are you, yourself, a dupe? Not at all, my sweet questioner—I am strolling on a sunny lawn, and flanking butterflies with a tandem whip.

I have not felt so well for these six months. What would I have given to have had my blood dancing as it is now, while I was scribbling

the first volume and a half of this dear book. But there is nothing like the country? I think I was saying that these lounges in St. James's Park do not always very materially advance the progress of our narrative. Not that I would insinuate that the progress of our narrative has flagged at all; not in the least, I am sure we can't be accused of being prosy. There has been no *Balaam* (I don't approve this neologism; but I am too indolent, at present, to think of another word,) in these books. I have withstood every temptation; and now, though I scarcely know in what way to make out this volume, here I am, without the least intention of finally proving that our Vivian Grey is the son of the Marquess of Carabas, by a former and secret marriage—in Italy, of course,—Count Anselmo—Naples—and an old nurse, &c. &c.; or that Mrs. Felix Lorraine is Horace Grey, Esquire, in disguise; or of making that much neglected beauty, Julia Manvers,

arrive in the last scene with a chariot with four horses and a patent axle-tree—just in time! —Alas! dear Julia! we may meet again. In the meantime the memory of your bright blue eyes shall not escape me; and when we *do* meet, why you shall talk more and laugh less. But you were young when last you listened to my nonsense; one of those innocent young ladies, who, on entering a drawing-room, take a rapid glance at their curls in a pier glass, and then, flying to the eternal round table, seek refuge in an admiring examination of the beauties of the Florence Gallery, or the binding of Batty's views.

This slight allusion to Julia is a digression. I was about to inform you, that I have no intention of finishing this book by any thing extraordinary. The truth is, and this is quite confidential, invention is not to be "the feature" of this work. What I have seen, I have written about; and what I shall see, I shall perhaps,

also write about. Some day I may, perchance, write for fame; at present, I write for pleasure. I think, in that case, I 'll write an epic, but it shall be in prose. The reign of Poesy is over, at least for half a century; and by that time my bones will be bleached. I think I should have made a pretty poet. Indeed, it is with great difficulty that I prevent my paragraphs from hobbling into stanzas.

Stop! I see the finest PURPLE EMPEROR, just alighting upon that myrtle. Beautiful insect! thy title is too humble for thy bright estate! for what is the pageantry of princes to the splendour of thy gorgeous robes? I wish I were a purple Emperor! I came into the world naked—and you in a garment of glory. I dare not subject myself to the heat of the sun, for fear of a *coup de soleil;* nor to a damp day for fear of the rheumatism; but the free sky is your proper habitation, and the air your peculiar element. What care you, bright one,

for Dr. Kitchener, or the Almanach des Gourmands? you, whose food is the dew of heaven, and the honied juices which you distil from every flower? Shadowed by a leaf of that thick shrub, I could for a moment fancy that your colour was sooty black; and yet now that the soft wind has blown the leaf aside, my eye is suddenly dazzled at the resplendent glow of your vivid purple. Now I gaze in admiration at the delightful, and amazing variety of your shifting tints playing in the sunbeam; now, as it is lighting up the splendour of your purple mantle, and now lending fresh brilliancy to your rings of burnished gold!

My brilliant purple Emperor! I must have you—I must indeed:—but I wish, if possible, to bring you down, rather by the respiration of my flank than the impulse of my thong.—Smack!—Confound the easterly wind playing up my nostril. I've missed him—and there he flies, mounting higher and higher, till at last

he fixes on the topmost branch of yon lofty acacia. What shall I do? I'm not the least in the humour for writing.

There is the luncheon bell! Luncheon is a meal, if meal it may be called, which I do not patronise. 'Tis very well for school-boys and young ladies; acceptable to the first, because they are always ready to devour—and to the second, because a glass of sherry and a slice of reindeer's tongue, and a little marmalade, and a little Neufchâtel, enable them to toss their pretty little heads at dinner, and "not touch any thing;" be proportionately pitied, and look proportionately interesting. Luncheon is the modern mystery of the Bona Dea. I say nothing, but I once acted Clodius, in this respect. I never wondered afterwards at a woman's want of appetite.

But in the dear delicious country, and in a house where no visitor is staying, and where I am tempted to commit suicide hourly, I think

I must take a very thin crust, or one traveller's biscuit, and a little Hock and Seltzer; although I'm in that horrid situation, neither possessing appetite, nor wanting refreshment. What shall I do now? Who can write when the sun shines? It's a warm, soft, sunny day, though in March. I'll lie down on the lawn and play with my Italian greyhound. Don't think me a puppy for having one. It was given to me by ———. That's a sufficient excuse, is it not?

Now Hyacinth, now my Hyacinth, now my own dog; try to leap over me!—frolick away, my beautiful one; I love thee, and have not I cause? What confidence have you violated? What sacred oaths have you outraged? Have you proved a craven in the hour of trial? Have I found you wanting when I called, or false when I fondled? Why do you start so, my pretty dog? Why are your eyes so fixed, your ears so erect. Pretty creature! does any thing frighten you? Kiss me, my own Hya-

cinth, my dear, dear dog! Oh! you little wretch! you've bit my lip. Get out! I'll not speak to you for a fortnight.

I'll get Spenser's Faery Queen—I'm just in the humour for reading it; but still its a horrid bore to get up and go to the library. Come! a desperate exertion! On my legs again—there's nothing like energy. Here's the book. Oh! how I shall revel in his sweet and bitter fancies!—Confusion! I've brought a volume of Tillotson's Sermons. I hate the fellow! That's the advantage of your country libraries, having all your books bound the same.

Now I don't know what I shall do. I think I'll amuse myself by jumping over that *ha-ha;* —I'm quite confident I can do it—and yet whenever I'm about trying, my heart sadly misgives me. It's a complete fallacy; it's devilish deep though. There—that easterly wind has baulked me again; and here I am,

up to my knees in mud, and my pretty violet-coloured slippers spoilt!

First dinner bell! A hecatomb to the son of Latona,—his rays are getting less powerful, and it's getting a little later. Though nobody is staying here, I'll go and dress myself in the most elaborate manner; it will assist in the destruction of the time. What a dull dinner! I have eaten of every thing:—*soupe printannière* (twice)—fillets of turbot *à la crême*—fowl *à la Montmorenci*, garnished with *ragoût à l'Allemande*—neck of veal *à la Ste. Menehoult*—*marinade* of chickens *à la St. Florentin*—*Muriton* of red tongue, with spinach—six quails—two dishes of kale, merely with plain butter—half a dozen orange jellies, *en mosaïques*—cauliflowers with *velouté* sauce, and a *petit gateau à la Mænon*—a *soufflée* with lemon, and a dozen Neufchâtel cheeses—a bottle of Markebrunnen, a pint of Latour, and

a pint of Maraschino. Gone through it all; and yet here I am, breathing as freely as a young eagle. Oh! for an indigestion, if merely for the sake of variety! Good heavens! I'm afraid I'm getting healthy!

Now for Vivian Grey again! I don't know how it is, but I cannot write to-day; the room's so hot. Open that door: now I shall get on better. Oh, what a wretched pen! I can't get out a sentence. The room's too cold;—shut that horrid door. Write I must, and will,—what's the matter? It's this great bowstring of a cravat. Off with it! who could ever write in a cravat?

[library stamp]

CHAPTER III.

BUCKHURST LODGE.

Mr. Cleveland and Mrs. Felix Lorraine again met, and the gentleman scarcely appeared to be aware that this meeting was not their first. The lady sighed, and fainted, and remonstrated; and terrific scenes followed each other in frightful succession. She reproached Mr. Cleveland with passages of letters. He stared, and deigned not a reply to an artifice, which he considered equally impudent and shallow. Vivian was forced to interfere; but as he deprecated all explanation, his interference was of little avail; and, as it was ineffec-

tual for one party, and uncalled for by the other, it was, of course, not encouraged. At length Mrs. Felix broke through all bounds. Now the enraged woman insulted Mrs. Cleveland, and now humbled herself before Mrs. Cleveland's husband. Her insults, and her humility, were treated with equal *hauteur;* and at length the Clevelands left Buckhurst Lodge.

Peculiar as was Mrs. Lorraine's conduct in this particular respect, we should, in candour, confess, that, at this moment, it was in all others most exemplary. Her whole soul seemed concentrated in the success of the approaching struggle. No office was too mechanical for her attention, or too elaborate for her enthusiastic assiduity. Her attentions were not confined merely to Vivian, and the Marquess, but were lavished with equal generosity on their colleagues. She copied letters for Sir Berdmore, and composed letters for Lord Courtown, and construed letters to Lord Beacons-

field; they, in return, echoed her praises to her delighted relative, who was daily congratulated on the possession of "such a fascinating sister-in-law."

"Well, Vivian," said Mrs. Lorraine, to that young gentleman, the day previous to his departure from Buckhurst Lodge; "you are going to leave me behind you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes! I hope you will not want me. I'm very much annoyed at not being able to go to town with you, but Lady Courtown is so pressing! and I've really promised so often to stay a week with her, that I thought it was better to make out my promise at once, than in six months hence."

"Well! I'm exceedingly sorry, for you really are so useful! and the interest you take in every thing is so encouraging, that, really, I very much fear that we shall not be able to get on without you. The important hour draws nigh."

"It does indeed, Vivian—and I assure you that there is no person awaiting it with intenser interest than myself. I little thought," she added, in a low, but distinct voice, "I little thought, when I first reached England, that I should ever again be interested in any thing in this world." Vivian was silent—for he had nothing to say.

"Vivian!" very briskly resumed Mrs. Lorraine, "I shall get you to frank all my letters for me. I shall never trouble the Marquess again. Do you know, it strikes me you'll make a very good speaker!"

"You flatter me exceedingly—suppose you give me a few lessons."

"But you must leave off some of your wicked tricks, Vivian! You must not improvise Parliamentary papers!"

"Improvise papers, Mrs. Lorraine! what can you mean?"

"Oh! nothing. I never mean any thing."

"But you must have had some meaning."

"Some meaning! Oh! yes, I dare say I had;—I meant—I meant—do you think it'll rain to-day?"

"Every prospect of a hard frost. I never knew before that I was an improvisatore."

"Nor I. Have you heard from papa lately. I suppose he's quite in spirits at your success?"

"My father is a man who seldom gives way to any elation of mind."

"Ah, indeed! a philosopher, I've no doubt, like his son."

"I have no claims, I believe, to the title of philosopher, although I have had the advantage of studying in the school of Mrs. Felix Lorraine."

"Lord! what do you mean? If I thought you meant to be impertinent, I really would pull that pretty little curl; but I excuse you—I think the boy means well."

"Oh! the boy 'means nothing—he never means any thing.'"

"Come, Vivian! we are going to part. Don't let us quarrel the last day. There, my little pet, there's a sprig of myrtle for you!

'What! not accept my foolish flower?
Nay then, I am unblest indeed!'

and now you want it all! Oh, you unreasonable young man! If I were not the kindest lady in the land, I should tear this little sprig into a thousand pieces sooner; but come, my pretty pet! you shall have it. There! it looks quite imposing in your button-hole. How handsome you look to-day!"

"How agreeable you are to-day! I do so love compliments!"

"Oh! Vivian—will you never give me credit for any thing but a light and callous heart? Will you never be convinced that—that—but why make this humiliating confession? Oh! no, let me be misunderstood for ever! The

time may come, when Vivian Grey will find that Amalia Lorraine was—"

"Was what, Lady?"

"You shall choose the word, Vivian."

"Say then my *friend*."

"'Tis a monosyllable full of meaning, and I will not quarrel with it. And now, adieu! Heaven prosper you! Believe me, that my first thoughts, and my last, are for you, and of you!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE POST.

"This is very kind of you, Grey! I was afraid my note might not have caught you. You hav'n't breakfasted? Really, I wish you 'd take up your quarters in Carabas House, for I want you now every moment."

"What is the urgent business of this morning, my Lord?"

"Oh! I 've seen Beresford."

"Hah!"

"And every thing is most satisfactory. I did not go into detail; I left that for you: but I ascertained sufficient to convince me, that management is now alone required."

"Well, my Lord, I trust that will not be wanting."

"No, Vivian—you have opened my eyes to the situation in which fortune has placed me. The experience of every day only proves the truth, and soundness, of your views. Fortunate, indeed, was the hour in which we met."

"My Lord, I do trust that it was a meeting, which neither of us will live to repent."

"Impossible! my dearest friend. I do not hesitate to say, that I would not change my present lot for that of any peer of this realm; no, not for that of His Majesty's most favoured counsellor. What! with my character and my influence, and my connections, I to be a tool! I, the Marquess of Carabas! I say nothing of my own powers; but, as you often most justly, and truly, observe, the world has had the opportunity of judging of them; and I think, I may recur, without vanity, to the days in which my voice had some weight in the

Royal Councils. And as I have often remarked, I have friends—I have you, Vivian. My career is before you. I know what I should have done, at your age; not to say, what I did do—I to be a tool! The very last person that ought to be a tool. But I see my error: you have opened my eyes, and blessed be the hour in which we met. But we must take care how we act, Vivian; we must be wary—eh! Vivian—wary—wary. People must know what their situations are,—eh! Vivian?"

"Exceedingly useful knowledge, my Lord, but I don't exactly understand the particular purport of your Lordship's last observation."

"You don't, eh?" asked the peer, and he fixed his eyes as earnestly, and expressively, as he possibly could upon his young companion. "Well, I thought not. I was positive it was not true," continued the Marquess, in a murmur.

"What, my Lord?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing; people talk at random—at random—at random. I feel confident you quite agree with me,—eh! Vivian?"

"Really, my Lord, I fear I'm unusually dull this morning."

"Dull! no, no, you quite agree with me. I feel confident you do. People must be taught what their situations are—that's what I was saying, Vivian. My Lord Courtown," added the Marquess in a whisper, "is not to have every thing his own way,—eh! Vivian?"

"Oh, oh!" thought Vivian, "this then is the result of that admirable creature, Mrs. Felix Lorraine, staying a week with her dear friend, Lady Courtown."—"My Lord, it would be singular, if, in the Carabas party, the Carabas interest was not the predominant one."

"I knew you thought so. I couldn't believe, for a minute, that you could think otherwise: but some people take such strange ideas into their heads—I can't account for them. I

felt confident what would be your opinion. My Lord Courtown is not to carry every thing before him, in the spirit that I have lately observed—or rather, in the spirit which I understand, from very good authority, is exhibited. Eh! Vivian—that's your opinion, isn't it?"

"Oh! my dear Marquess, *we* must think alike on this, as on all points."

"I knew it. I felt confident as to your sentiments upon this subject. I cannot conceive, why some people take such strange ideas into their heads! I knew that you couldn't disagree with me upon this point. No, no, no, my Lord Courtown must feel which is the predominant interest, as you so well express it. How choice your expressions always are! I don't know how it is, but you always hit upon the right expression, Vivian.—*The predominant interest*—the pre-do-mi-nant—in-te-rest. To be sure. What! with my high character and connections—with my stake in society, was it

to be expected that I, the Marquess of Carabas, was going to make any move which compromised the predominancy of my interests. No, no, no, my Lord Courtown—the predominant interest must be kept predominant,—eh! Vivian?"

"To be sure, to be sure, my Lord; explicitness and decision will soon arrange any *desagrémens*."

"I have been talking to the Marchioness, Vivian, upon the expediency of her opening the season early. I think a course of Parliamentary dinners would produce a good effect. It gives a tone to a political party."

"Certainly; the science of political gastronomy has never been sufficiently studied."

"Egad! Vivian, I'm in such spirits this morning. This business of Beresford so delights me; and finding you agree with me about Lord Courtown, I was confident as to your

sentiments on that point. But some people take such strange ideas into their heads! To be sure, to be sure, the predominant interest, mine—that is to say, our's, Vivian, is the predominant interest. I 've no idea of the predominant interest, not being predominant; that would be singular! I knew you 'd agree with me—we always agree. 'Twas a lucky hour when we met. Two minds so exactly alike! I was just your very self when I was young; and as for you—my career is before you."

Here entered Mr. Sadler with the letters.

"One from Courtown. I wonder if he has seen Mounteney. Mounteney is a very good-natured fellow, and I think might be managed. Ah! I wish you could get hold of him, Vivian; you 'd soon bring him round. What it is to have brains, Vivian!" and here the Marquess shook his head very pompously, and at the same time, tapped very significantly on his left temple. "Hah! what—what 's all this!

Here, read it, read it, man.—I 've no head to-day."

Vivian took the letter, and his quick eye dashed through its contents in a second. It was from Lord Courtown, and dated far in the country. It talked of private communications, and premature conduct, and the suspicious, not to say dishonest, behaviour of Mr. Vivian Grey: it trusted that such conduct was not sanctioned by his Lordship, but "nevertheless obliged to act with decision—regretted the necessity," &c. &c. &c. &c. In short, Lord Courtown had deserted, and recalled his pledge as to the official appointment promised to Mr. Cleveland, "because that promise was made, while he was the victim of delusions created by the representations of Mr. Grey."

"What can all this mean, my Lord?"

The Marquess swore a fearful oath, and threw another letter.

"This is from Lord Beaconsfield, my Lord,"

said Vivian, with a face pallid as death, "and apparently the composition of the same writer; at least, it is the same tale, the same *refacimento* of lies, and treachery, and cowardice, doled out with diplomatic *politesse*. But I will off to ——shire instantly. It is not yet too late to save every thing. This is Wednesday; on Thursday afternoon, I shall be at Norwood Park. Thank God! I came this morning."

The face of the Marquess, who was treacherous as the wind, seemed already to indicate, "Adieu! Mr. Vivian Grey!" but that countenance exhibited some very different passions, when it glanced over the contents of the next epistle. There was a tremendous oath—and a dead silence. His Lordship's florid countenance turned as pale as that of his companion. The perspiration stole down in heavy drops. He gasped for breath!

"Good God! my Lord, what is the matter?"

"The matter!" howled the Marquess, "the matter! That I have been a vain, weak, miserable fool!" and then there was another oath, and he flung the letter to the other side of the table.

It was the official congé of the Most Noble Sydney Marquess of Carabas. His Majesty had no longer any occasion for his services. His successor was Lord Courtown!

I will not affect to give any description of the conduct of the Marquess of Carabas at this moment. He raved! he stamped! he blasphemed! but the whole of his abuse was levelled against his former "monstrous clever" young friend; of whose character he had so often boasted that his own was the prototype, but who was now an adventurer—a swindler—a scoundrel—a liar—a base, deluding, flattering, fawning villain, &c. &c. &c. &c.

"My Lord!"—said Vivian.

"I 'll not hear you—out on your fair words!

They have duped me enough already. That I, with my high character, and connections! that I, the Marquess of Carabas, should have been the victim of the arts of a young scoundrel!"

Vivian's fist was once clenched—but it was only for a moment. The Marquess leant back in his chair, with his eyes shut. In the agony of the moment, a projecting tooth of his upper jaw, had forced itself through his under lip, and from the wound, the blood was flowing freely over his dead white countenance. Vivian left the room.

[library stamp]

CHAPTER V.

THE RACK.

He stopped one moment on the landing-place, ere he was about to leave the house for ever.

"'Tis all over! and so, Vivian Grey, your game is up! and to die too, like a dog!—a woman's dupe! Were I a despot, I should perhaps satiate my vengeance upon this female fiend, with the assistance of the rack—but that cannot be; and after all, it would be but a poor revenge in one who has worshipped the Empire of the Intellect, to vindicate the agony I am now enduring, upon the base body

of a woman. No! 'tis not all over. There is yet an intellectual rack few dream of, far, far more terrific than the most exquisite contrivances of Parysatis.—Madeleine," said he to a female attendant that passed, "is your mistress at home?"

"She is, Sir."

"'Tis well," said Vivian, and he sprang up stairs.

"Health to the lady of our love!" said Vivian Grey, as he entered the elegant boudoir of Mrs. Felix Lorraine. "In spite of the easterly wind, which has spoiled my beauty for the season, I could not refrain from enquiring after your prosperity, before I went to the Marquess. Have you heard the news?"

"News! no; what news?"

"'Tis a sad tale," said Vivian, with a melancholy voice.

"Oh! then, pray don't tell it me. I'm in no humour for sorrow to-day. Come! a

bon mot, or a calembourg, or *exit* Mr. Vivian Grey."

"Well then, good morning! I'm off for a black crape, or a Barcelona kerchief.—Mrs. Cleveland is—*dead*."

"Dead!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine.

"Ay; cold dead. She died last night—suddenly.—Isn't it horrible?"

"Shocking!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine, with a mournful voice, and an eye dancing with joy. "Why! Mr. Grey, I do declare you're weeping."

"It is not for the departed!"

"Nay, Vivian! for Heaven's sake, what's the matter?"

"My dear Mrs. Lorraine!"—But here the speaker's voice was choaked with grief, and he could not proceed.

"Pray, compose yourself."

"Mrs. Felix Lorraine, can I speak with you half an hour, undisturbed?"

"Oh! certainly, by all means. I'll ring for Madeleine. "Madeleine! mind, I'm not at home to any one. Well! what's the matter?"

"Oh! Madam, I must pray your patience—I wish you to shrive a penitent."

"Good God! Mr. Grey! for Heaven's sake, be explicit."

"For Heaven's sake—for your sake—for my soul's sake, I would be explicit; but explicitness is not the language of such as I am. Can you listen to a tale of horror? Can you promise me to contain yourself?"

"I will promise any thing. Pray, pray proceed."

But in spite of her earnest solicitations, her companion was mute. At length he arose from his chair, and leaning on the chimney-piece, buried his face in his hands, and wept most bitterly.

"Vivian," said Mrs. Lorraine, "have you seen the Marquess yet?"

"Not yet," he sobbed; "I am going to him; but I'm in no humour for business this morning."

"Oh! compose yourself, I beseech you. I will hear every thing. You shall not complain of an inattentive, or an irritable auditor. Now, my dear Vivian, sit down and tell me all." She led him to a chair, and then, after stifling his sobs, with a broken voice he proceeded.

"You will recollect, Madam, that accident made me acquainted with certain circumstances connected with yourself, and Mr. Cleveland. Alas! actuated by the vilest of sentiments, I conceived a violent hatred against that gentleman—a hatred only to be equalled by my passion for you; but, I find difficulty in dwelling upon the details of this sad story of jealousy and despair."

"Oh! speak, speak! compensate for all you have done, by your present frankness;—be brief—be brief."

"I will be *brief*," shouted Vivian, with terrific earnestness; "I will be *brief*. Know then, Madam, that in order to prevent the intercourse between you and Mr. Cleveland from proceeding, I obtained his friendship, and became the confidant of his heart's sweetest secret. Thus situated, I suppressed the letters, with which I was entrusted from him to you, and poisoning his mind, I accounted for your silence, by your being employed *in other* correspondence; nay, I did more, with the malice of a fiend, I boasted of——nay, do not stop me; I have more to tell."

Mrs. Felix Lorraine, with compressed lips, and looks of horrible earnestness, gazed in silence.

"The result of all this you know,—but the most terrible part is to come; and, by a strange

fascination, I fly to confess my crimes at your feet, even, while the last minutes have witnessed my most heinous one. Oh! Madam, I have stood over the bier of the departed; I have mingled my tears with those of the sorrowing widower,—his young, and tender, child was on my knee; and, as I kissed his innocent lips, methought it was but my duty to the departed, to save the father from his mother's rival—" He stopped.

"Yes,—yes,—yes," said Mrs. Felix Lorraine, in a low whisper.

"It was then, even then, in the hour of his desolation, that I mentioned your name, that it might the more *disgust* him; and, while he wept over his virtuous and sainted wife, I dwelt on the vices of his rejected *Mistress*."

Mrs. Lorraine clasped her hands, and moved restlessly on her seat.

"Nay! do not stop me;—let me tell *all*. 'Cleveland,' said I, 'if ever you become the

husband of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, remember my last words:—it will be well for you, if your frame be like that of Mithridates of Pontus, and proof against——*poison.*"

"And did you say this?" shrieked the woman.

"Even these were my words."

"Then may all evil blast you!" She threw herself on the sofa: her voice was choked with the convulsions of her passion, and she writhed in the most fearful agony.

Vivian Grey, lounging in an arm-chair, in the easiest of postures, and with a face brilliant with smiles, watched his victim with the eye of a Mephistophiles.

She slowly recovered, and with a broken voice poured forth her sacred absolution to the relieved penitent.

"You wonder I do not stab you,—hah! hah! hah! there is no need for *that*;—the good powers be praised, that you refused the

draught I once proffered. Know, wretch, that your race is run. Within five minutes, you will breathe a beggar, and an outcast. Your golden dreams are over—your cunning plans are circumvented—your ambitious hopes are crushed for ever—you are blighted in the very spring of your life. Oh! may you never die! May you wander for ever, the butt of the world's malice! and may the slow moving finger of scorn, point where'er you go at the ruined Charlatan!"

"Hah, hah! is it so, my lady? Oh! think you, that Vivian Grey would fall by a woman's wile? Oh! think you that Vivian Grey, could be crushed by such a worthless thing as *you!* Know, then, that your political intrigues have been as little concealed from *me*, as your personal ones;—I have been acquainted with all. The Marquess has, himself, seen the Minister, and is more firmly stablished in his pride of place than ever. I have, myself, seen our col-

leagues, whom you tampered with, and their hearts are still true, and their purpose still fixed. All, all prospers; and ere five days are passed, 'the *Charlatan*' will be a *Senator*."

The shifting expression of Mrs. Lorraine's countenance, while Vivian was speaking, would have baffled the most cunning painter. Her complexion was capricious as the chamelion's, and her countenance was so convulsed, that her features seemed of all shapes and sizes. One large vein protruded nearly a quarter of an inch from her forehead; and the dank light which gleamed in her tearful eye, was like an unwholesome meteor quivering in a marsh. When he ended, she sprang from the sofa, and looking up, and extending her arms with unmeaning wildness, she gave one loud shriek, and dropped like a bird shot on the wing—— she had burst a blood-vessel.

Vivian raised her on the sofa, and paid her every possible attention. There is always a

vile apothecary lurking about the mansions of the noble, and so a Mr. Andrewes soon appeared, and to this worthy, and the attendant Madeleine, Vivian delivered his patient.

Had Vivian Grey left the boudoir a pledged bridegroom, his countenance could not have been more triumphant; but he was labouring under the most unnatural excitation: for it is singular, that when, as he left the house, the porter told him that Mr. Cleveland was with his Lord, Vivian had no idea at the moment, what individual bore that name. The fresh air of the street revived him, and somewhat cooled the bubbling of his blood. It was then that the man's information struck upon his senses.

"So, poor Cleveland!" thought Vivian, "then he knows all!" His own misery he had not yet thought of; but, when Cleveland occurred to him, with his ambition once more baulked—his high hopes once more blasted—

and his honourable soul once more deceived, —when he thought of his fair wife, and his infant children, and his ruined prospects; a sickness came over his heart, he grew dizzy, and fell.

"And the gentleman's ill, I think," said an honest Irishman; and, in the fulness of his charity, he placed Vivian on a door step.

"So it seems," said a genteel passenger in black; and he snatched, with great *sang-froid*, Vivian's gold watch. "Stop thief!" halloed the Hibernian. Paddy was tripped up. There was a row; in the midst of which, Vivian Grey crawled to an hotel.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CLUB.

In half an hour Vivian was at Mr. Cleveland's door.

"My master is at the Marquess of Carabas', sir; he will not return, but is going immediately to Richmond, where Mrs. Cleveland is staying."

Vivian immediately wrote to Mr. Cleveland. "If your master has left the Marquess's, let this be forwarded to him at Richmond immediately."

"Cleveland!

"You know all. It would be mockery were I to say, that at this moment I am not thinking of

myself. I am a ruined man, in body, and in mind. But my own misery is nothing; I can die—I can go mad—and who will be harmed? But you! I had wished that we should never meet again; but my hand refuses to trace the thoughts with which my heart is full, and I am under the sad necessity of requesting you to see me *once more*. We have been betrayed—and by a woman; but, there has been revenge! oh! what revenge!

VIVIAN GREY."

When Vivian left Mr. Cleveland's, he actually did not know what to do with himself. Home, at present, he could not face, and so he continued to wander about, quite unconscious of locality. He passed in his progress many of his acquaintance, who, from his distracted air and rapid pace, imagined that he was intent on some important business. At length he found himself in one of the most sequestered parts of

Kensington Gardens. It was a cold, frosty day, and as Vivian flung himself upon one of the summer seats, the snow drifted from off the frozen board; but Vivian's brow was as burning hot, as if he had been an inhabitant of Sirius. Throwing his arms on a small garden table, he buried his face in his hands, and wept —as men can but once weep in this world!

Oh! thou sublime and most subtle philosopher, who, in thy lamp-lit cell, art speculating upon the passions which thou hast never felt! Oh! thou splendid and most admirable poet, who, with cunning words, art painting with a smile a tale of woe! tell me what is Grief? and solve me the mystery of Sorrow?

Not for himself—for after the first pang, he would have whistled off his high hopes with the spirit of a Ripperda—not even for Cleveland—for at this moment, it must be confessed, his thoughts were not for his friend—did Vivian Grey's soul struggle, as if it were about to

leave its fleshly chamber. I said he wept, as men can weep but once in this world; and yet it would have been impossible for him to have defined what, at that fearful moment, was the cause of his heart's sorrow. Incidents of childhood, of the most trivial nature, and until this moment forgotten, flashed across his memory; he gazed on the smile of his mother—he listened to the sweet tones of his father's voice—and his hand clenched, with still more agonized grasp, his rude resting-place; and the scalding tears dashed down his cheek in still more ardent torrents. He had no distinct remembrance of what had, so lately, happened; but characters flitted before him as in a theatre in a dream—dim and shadowy, yet full of mysterious and undefinable interest; and then there came a horrible idea across his mind, that his glittering youth was gone, and wasted; and then there was a dark whisper of treachery, and dissimulation, and dishonour; and then he sobbed as if his

very heart were cracking. All his boasted philosophy vanished — his artificial feelings fled him. Insulted Nature re-asserted her long spurned authority, and the once proud Vivian Grey felt too humble, even to curse himself. Gradually his sobs became less convulsed, and his brow more cool; and calm from very exhaustion, he sat for upwards of an hour motionless.

At this moment there issued, with their attendant, from an adjoining shrubbery, two beautiful children. They were so exceedingly lovely, that the passenger would have stopped to gaze upon them. The eldest, who yet was very young, was leading his sister hand in hand, with slow and graceful steps, mimicking the courtesy of men. But when his eye caught Vivian's, the boy uttered a loud cry of exultation, and rushed, with the eagerness of infantine affection, to his gentle and favourite playmate. They were the young Clevelands.

With what miraculous quickness will man shake off the outward semblance of grief, when his sorrow is a secret! The mighty Merchant, who knows that in four-and-twenty hours the world must be astounded by his insolvency, will walk in the front of his confident creditor, as if he were the lord of a thousand argosies—the meditating Suicide will smile on the arm of a companion, as if to breathe in this sunny world, were the most ravishing, and rapturous bliss. We cling to our stations in our fellow creatures' minds, and memories; we know, too well, the frail tenure on which we are in this world, great and considered personages. Experience makes us shrink from the specious sneer of Sympathy; and when we are ourselves falling, bitter Memory whispers, that we have ourselves been neglectful.

And so it was, that, even unto these infants, Vivian Grey dared not appear other than a gay, and easy-hearted man; and in a moment

he was dancing them on his knee, and playing with their curls, and joining in their pretty prattle, and pressing their small and fragrant lips.

It was night when he paced down.——He passed his club; that club, to become a member of which, had once been the object of his high ambition, and to gain which privilege had cost such hours of canvassing; such interference of noble friends; and the incurring of favours from five thousand people, "which never could be forgotten."

I know not what desperate feeling actuated him, but he entered the Club-house. He walked into the great saloon, and met some fifty "most particular friends," all of whom asked him, "how the Marquess did," or "have you seen Cleveland?" and a thousand other as comfortable queries. At length, to avoid these disagreeable rencontres; and, indeed, to rest himself, he went to a smaller and more private

room. As he opened the door, his eyes lighted upon Cleveland.

He was standing with his back to the fire. There were only two other persons in the room: one was a friend of Cleveland's, and the other an acquaintance of Vivian's. The latter was writing at the table.

When Vivian saw Cleveland, he would have retired, but he was bid to "come in," in a voice of thunder.

As he entered, he instantly perceived that Cleveland was under the influence of wine. When in this situation, unlike other men, Mr. Cleveland's conduct was not distinguished by any of the little improprieties of behaviour, by which a man is always known by his friends "to be very drunk." He neither reeled, nor hiccupped, nor grew maudlin. The effect of drinking upon him, was only to increase the intensity of the sensation by which his mind was, at the moment, influenced. He did not

even lose the consciousness of identity of persons. At this moment, it was clear to Vivian that Cleveland was under the influence of the extremest passion: his eyes rolled widely, and seemed fixed only upon vacancy. As Vivian was no friend to *scenas* before strangers, he bowed to the two gentlemen, and saluted Cleveland with his wonted cordiality; but his proffered hand was rudely repelled.

"Away!" exclaimed Cleveland, in a furious tone; "I have no friendship for traitors!"

The two gentlemen stared, and the pen of the writer stopped.

"Cleveland!" said Vivian, in an earnest whisper, as he came up close to him;—"for God's sake, contain yourself. I have written you a letter which explains all—but—"

"Out! out upon you! Out upon your honied words, and your soft phrases! I 've been their dupe too long;" and he struck Vivian with tremendous force.

"Sir John Poynings!" said Vivian, with a quivering lip, turning to the gentleman who was writing at the table—"we were school-fellows; circumstances have prevented us from meeting often in after-life, but I now ask you, with the frankness of an old acquaintance, to do me the sad service of accompanying me in this quarrel—a quarrel which, I call Heaven to witness, is not of my seeking."

The Baronet, who was in the Guards, and, although a great dandy, quite a man of business in these matters, immediately rose from his seat, and led Vivian to a corner of the room. After some whispering, he turned round to Mr. Cleveland, and bowed to him with a very significant look. It was evident that Cleveland comprehended his meaning, for, though he was silent, he immediately pointed to the other gentleman—his friend, Mr. Castleton.

"Mr. Castleton," said Sir John, giving his card, "Mr. Grey will accompany me to my rooms in Pall Mall; it is now ten o'clock; we shall wait two hours, in which time I hope to hear from you. I leave time, and place, and terms, to yourself. I only wish it to be understood, that it is the particular desire of my principal that the meeting should be as speedy as possible."

About eleven o'clock, the communication from Mr. Castleton arrived. It was quite evident that Cleveland was sobered, for in one instance, Vivian observed that the style was corrected by his own hand. The hour was eight, the next morning, at ——— Common, about six miles from town.

Poynings wrote to a professional friend to be on the ground at half-past seven, and then he and Vivian retired.

Did you ever fight a duel? No! nor send a challenge either? Well! you're fresh indeed!

'Tis an awkward business after all—even for the boldest. After an immense deal of negociation, and giving the party every opportunity of coming to an *honourable* understanding, the fatal letter is, at length, signed, sealed, and sent. You pass your morning at your second's apartments, pacing his drawing-room, with a quivering lip, and uncertain step. At length he enters with an answer, and while he reads, you endeavour to look easy, with a countenance merry with the most melancholy smile. You have no appetite for dinner, but you are too *brave* not to appear at table; and you are called out after the second glass by the arrival of your solicitor, who comes to alter your will. You pass a restless night, and rise in the morning as bilious as a Bengal general. Urged by impending fate, you make a desperate effort to accommodate matters, but in the contest between your pride and your terror, you, at the same time, prove that you're a coward, and fail

in the negociation. You both fire—and miss—and then the seconds interfere, and then you shake hands, every thing being arranged in the most *honourable* manner, and to the mutual satisfaction of both parties. The next day you are seen pacing Bond Street, with an erect front, and a flashing eye—with an air at once dandyish, and heroical—a mixture, at the same time, of Brummell, and the Duke of Wellington.

It was a fine February morning. Sir John drove Vivian to the ground in his cabriolet.

"Nothing like a cab, Grey, for the business you're going on. I only keep it for *meetings*. You glide along the six miles in such style, that it actually makes you quite courageous. I remember once going down, on a similar purpose, in a post and pair; and 'pon my soul, when I came to the ground, my hand shook so that I could scarcely draw. But I was green then. Now, when I go in my cab, with Philidor with

his sixteen-mile-an-hour paces, egad! I wing my man in a trice; and take all the parties home to Pall Mall, to celebrate the event with a grilled bone, Havannahs, and Regent's punch. Ah! there! that 's Cleveland that we have just passed, going to the ground in a chariot: he 's a dead man, or my name 's not Poynings—"

"Come, Sir John; no fear of Cleveland's dying," said Vivian with a smile.

"What, you mean to fire in the air, and all that sort of thing?—sentimental, but slip-slop!"

The ground is measured—all is arranged. Cleveland, a splendid shot, fired first. His pistol grazed Vivian's elbow. Vivian fired in the air. The seconds interfered. Cleveland was implacable—and "in the most irregular manner," as Sir John declared, insisted upon another shot. To the astonishment of all, he fired quite wild. Vivian shot at random; and his bullet pierced Cleveland's heart. Cleveland sprang nearly two yards from the ground, and

then fell upon his back. In a moment Vivian was at the side of his fallen antagonist; but the dying man 'made no sign'—he stared wildly, and then closed his eyes for ever!

CHAPTER VII.

TRAVEL.

When Vivian Grey remembered his existence, he found himself in bed. The curtains of his couch were closed; but, as he stared around him, they were softly withdrawn, and a face that recalled every thing to his recollection, gazed upon him with a look of affectionate anxiety.

"My father!" exclaimed Vivian—but the finger pressed on the parental lip warned him to silence. His father knelt by his side, and softly kissed his forehead, and then the curtains were again closed.

Six weeks, unconsciously to Vivian, had elapsed since the fatal day, and he was now recovering from the effects of a fever, from which, his medical attendants had supposed he never could have escaped. And what had been the past? It did, indeed, seem like a hot and feverish dream. Here was he, once more in his own quiet room, watched over by his beloved parents; and had there then ever existed such beings as the Marquess, and Mrs. Lorraine, and Cleveland, or were they only the actors in a vision? "It must be so," thought Vivian; and he jumped up in his bed, and stared wildly around him. "And yet it was a horrid dream! Murder! horrible murder!—and so real! so palpable!—I muse upon their voices, as upon familiar sounds, and I recal all the events, not as the shadowy incidents of sleep—that mysterious existence, in which the experience of a century seems caught in the breathing of a second—but as the natural, and ma-

terial consequences of time and stirring life. Oh! no! it is too true!" shrieked the wretched sufferer, as his eye glanced upon a desk which was on the table, and which had been given to him by the Marquess; "it is true! it is true! Murder! murder!" He foamed at the mouth, and sunk exhausted on his pillow.

But the human mind can master many sorrows, and after a desperate relapse, and another miraculous rally, Vivian Grey rose from his bed.

"My father! I fear that I shall live!"

"*Hope*, rather, my beloved."

"Oh! why should I hope!" and the sufferer's head sank upon his breast.

"Do not give way, my son; all will yet be well, and we shall all yet be happy," said the father, with streaming eyes.

"Happy! oh, not in this world, my father!"

"Vivian, my dearest, your mother visited you this morning, but you were asleep. She

was quite happy to find you slumbering so calmly."

"And yet my dreams were not the dreams of joy.—Oh! my mother, you were wont to smile upon me—alas! you smiled upon your sorrow."

"Vivian, my beloved! you must indeed restrain your feelings. At your age, life cannot be the lost game you think it. A little repose, and I shall yet see my boy the honour to society which he deserves to be."

"Alas! my father, you know not what I feel! The springiness of my mind has gone. Oh! man, what a vain fool thou art! Nature has been too bountiful to thee. She has given thee the best of friends, and you value not the gift of exceeding price, until your griefs are past even friendship's cure. Oh! my father! why did I leave you!" and he seized Mr. Grey's hand with a convulsive grasp.

Time flew on, even in this house of sorrow. "My boy," said Mr. Grey to his son one day, "your mother and I have been consulting together about you; and we think, now that you have somewhat recovered your strength, it may be well for you to leave England for a short time. The novelty of travel will relieve your mind, without too much exciting it; and if you can manage by the autumn, to settle down any where within a thousand miles of England, why we will come and join you, and you know that will be very pleasant. What say you, my boy, to this little plan?"

In a few weeks after this proposition had been made, Vivian Grey was in Germany. He wandered for some months in that beautiful land of rivers, among which flows the Rhine, matchless in its loveliness; and at length, the pilgrim shook the dust off his feet at Heidelburg, in which city Vivian proposed taking up his residence. It is, in truth, a place of sur-

passing loveliness; where all the romantic wildness of German scenery, is blended with the soft beauty of the Italian. An immense plain, which, in its extent and luxuriance, reminds you of the most fertile tracts of Tuscany, is bordered on one side by the Bergstrasse mountains, and on the other by the range of the Vosges. Situated on the river Neckar, in a ravine of the Bergstrasse, amid mountains covered with vines, is the city of Heidelburg: its ruined castle backing the city, and still frowning from one of the most commanding heights. In the middle of the broad plain, may be distinguished the shining spires of Mannheim, Worms, and Frankenthal; and, pouring its rich stream through this luxuriant land, the beautiful and abounding Rhine receives the tribute of the Neckar. The range of the Vosges forms the extreme distance.

To the little world, of the little city, of which he was now an habitant, Vivian Grey did not

appear a broken-hearted man. He lived neither as a recluse, nor a misanthrope. He became extremely addicted to field sports, especially to hunting the wild boar; for he feared nothing so much as thought, and dreaded nothing so much as the solitude of his own chamber. He was an early riser, to escape from hideous dreams; and at break of dawn, he wandered among the wild passes of the Bergstrasse; or climbing a lofty ridge, was a watcher for the rising sun; and in the evening he sailed upon the star-lit Neckar.

I fear me much, that Vivian Grey is a lost man; but, I am sure that every sweet and gentle spirit, who has read this sad story of his fortunes, will breathe a holy prayer this night, for his restoration to society and to himself.

END OF VOL. II.

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